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REVIEW OF POLITICS.

THE protracted negotiations between Denmark and the German Powers have at last resulted in the conclusion of a definitive treaty of peace. Its terms are, we need scarcely say, utterly disastrous to the weaker state. She loses the Duchies of Slesvig, Holstein, and Lauenberg; and in parting with them she parts with more than one-third of her territory, her population, her trade, and her financial resources. If we exclude the petty principalities of the German Confederation, Denmark has now a smaller population than that of any other independent European state. While Belgium has nearly five millions, Holland, Sweden, and Portugal each about four millions, and Switzerland two-and-a-half millions, what is left of the Scandinavian kingdom only contains about 1,600,000 people. From being a second-rate state, she is reduced to a condition of perfect insignificance, and in a political point of view she may almost be said to have vanished from the map of Europe. If it be true that "to be weak is to be miserable," Denmark has but a dark prospect before her. She has, in fact, no hope of again playing an independent part, or of holding her own against those who are already looking towards Jutland with greedy eyes, except in a union with Sweden and Norway. That is the obvious and the all important result of the recent war; and when once we know that such is the case it matters little how many million thalers of the Danish national debt are to be borne by the Duchies, how much is to be extorted by way of indemnity for the capture of German vessels, or how far the Flensburg fine arts collection is to be at the disposal of the Danish Government. A little more or a little less extortion on the part of Austria or Prussia is but an insignificant detail. What concerns Europe is the broad fact that a great wrong has been perpetrated without any one interfering to prevent it; that a small state has been sacrificed to the rapacity of two larger ones, without their proceedings exciting active jealousy or effectual resistance. Many had previously suspected that little reliance could be placed on the sense of justice and right possessed by the European Powers, or upon their willingness to maintain the independence of existing states as an important political object. But the issue of the Dano-German war has shown that it is equally idle to trust to the selfish instincts which were supposed to secure "the balance of power," and thus to afford an indirect guarantee against violent aggression. For the future, no secondary state can consider herself safe unless she becomes, at some compromise of her independence, the client of a larger one. In that case she may probably rely upon receiving the protection which a feudal lord used to extend to a vassal; but otherwise she is completely at the mercy of any of her

more powerful neighbours, who may have the tact to select a fitting moment for attack. So far as regards international affairs, it is the crowning triumph of the nineteenth century, to have restored the reign of mere brute force, under the plausible colour of a highly philosophical and philanthropical theory of non-intervention.

Together with the conclusion of the treaty of peace between Denmark and the German Powers, we have the announcement of Count Rechberg's retirement from the Austrian foreign office. It is almost a matter of course that the most contradictory rumours should be circulated as to the bearing of this event. On the one hand, it is said to involve no change in Austrian policy, and to be nothing more than the substitution of one man for another. On the other hand, it is asserted that Count Mensdorff-Pouilly is far more disposed than his predecessor to cultivate friendly relations with the Western Powers, especially with England. It is scarcely probable that Count Rechberg's retirement has no political significance; especially when we find the Emperor Francis Joseph bestowing upon him so unusual a mark of his personal favour as the gift of the Golden Fleece. Nor can we be at much loss to discover what Power is most likely to suffer by his fall, if we consider which Power has endeavoured most strenuously to avert it. Now there is no doubt that this Power is Prussia; for she vainly tried to prop the falling Minister by offering, at the last moment, concessions which she had previously refused, in reference to the pending negotiations for the admission of Austria to the Zollverein. Count Rechberg was in truth the great support of the Austro-Prussian alliance, which has borne the bitterest fruit for the South German Power. She has been compelled to assist in aggrandising her rival, or at any rate in materially augmenting her consequence and influence, while she has obtained nothing whatever in return. Prussia has absolutely refused either to guarantee her Italian possessions, or to form a customs league with her on acceptable terms. Under these circumstances it is not surprising that the Emperor of Austria should at least make an effort to assume once more an independent position; and we accept the dismissal of Count Rechberg as a proof that the subserviency of the Court of Vienna to that of Berlin is at an end. Beyond this, it would be premature to speculate on the probable course of the new Foreign Minister. But we cannot dismiss the subject without saying that we attach no importance to a rumour, that his appointment is likely to breathe new life into the Emperor Napoleon's abortive scheme of a European Congress.

It is extremely difficult to believe the account we have received through Federal sources of the late engagement between Longstreet and Sheridan near Strasburg. It is admitted that in the first instance the Confedo

rates completely turned the Federal left, drove them in confusion for some miles, and took a large number of prisoners and twenty-four guns. But then just at the moment when their success was on the point of being completed, we are told that General Sheridan appeared on the scene, that all was forthwith changed, that the beaten army rallied, and the victorious army fled, and that, whereas the Confederates had only taken twenty-four cannon in the early part of the day, the Federals now took fifty. This story may be true, but it certainly is not probable. Unless General Longstreet made some huge mistake we are unable to understand how the mere appearance of Sheridan could have converted a rout into a victory. And bearing in mind how necessary it is to Mr. Lincoln's purposes that no news but good news should reach the Northern people at the present moment, we cannot help suspecting that the Confederates could give a very different account of the latter part of the battle of the 19th inst. At all events we shall wait for further information before yielding entire credence to the latest bulletin issued from the Washington war-office. We have no late news from Sherman through Northern sources—a circumstance of a somewhat ominous character. The Southern journals assert that his position was becoming extremely hazardous, and that his evacuation of Atlanta might be daily expected. That anticipation is probably as yet premature; but it is clear that Hood is perfectly at large, and is operating very nearly at pleasure on his antagonist's communications. Unless he be driven off, it is scarcely possible that Sherman can long maintain himself at a point so far distant as Atlanta from his base. The Federals claim another naval victory in the capture of the Confederate cruiser *Florida*. But on the other side it is alleged that at the time of her seizure the *Florida* was lying off Bahia in the Brazilian waters. That a Federal commander should have violated the neutral rights of a weak power is in no wise improbable, but we do not at present possess the means of giving an opinion upon a point which depends upon the distance between the Brazilian coast and the place where the *Florida* was anchored.

The political news from America is not of very great importance. The chances in the Presidential election still continue very much in favour of Mr. Lincoln; and it certainly must be admitted that whether they do or do not succeed, he and his friends are in their peculiar and characteristic way doing all they can to deserve success. In Tennessee, for example, General Andrew Johnson has announced his intention to impose an illegal and unconstitutional test-oath upon all voters who present themselves at the poll on the 8th inst., and has given notice that in the event of their refusing to take it he will prevent them by force from depositing their ballot. This is pretty well even for a soldier, amounting as it does to neither more nor less than the establishment of a military despotism in one of the States of the North. But the really important point is, that Mr. Lincoln has endorsed the action of his subordinate; and that he has done so in a manner and in words which breathe the very spirit of insolent tyranny. To a deputation from Tennessee, who came to complain of General Johnson's conduct, the President replied, that he expected General McClellan's friends to manage their side of the contest in their own way, and that he would manage his side of it in his way. Even at New York this answer excited astonishment and disgust. That the illiterate rail-splitter from Illinois who now sits in the chair of Washington, would go to great lengths to secure his re-election, most people were prepared to believe. But it was hardly thought that he is so utterly lost to all sense of decency as to proclaim, in this open and unabashed manner, his contempt for the laws and constitution of the United States, and for the rights of his fellow-citizens.

The internal affairs of Greece have taken a decided turn for the better. For some months since the arrival of King George in the country, the National Assembly had protracted their debates upon the new constitution. In their anxiety to manufacture a perfect specimen of political workmanship, they forgot that the country wanted a Government, and that even a bad one was better than none. The inevitable consequences ensued. The administrative organization and the development of the material resources of the country were delayed. The violence of faction was encouraged, and the popularity of the new dynasty compromised. Under these circumstances the young King (or rather Count Spionnech, in his name) resolved to address the Assembly

in the very plainest possible language. He pointed out to them the inconvenience of their prolonged deliberations, and the absolute necessity to the country of some fixed institutions. And, after urgently calling upon the Deputies to vote the constitution within ten days, he concluded with this remarkable and significant sentence—"But if the National Assembly fail to terminate its work within the time specified I reserve to myself perfect liberty to adopt such measures as the disappointment of my hopes may suggest, and I make the National Assembly responsible for the consequences." The meaning of these words was obvious, and they were not lost on the Assembly. They were wise enough to see that, under the circumstances, the Sovereign had a right to interfere in a manner which might otherwise have been resented as unconstitutional. The public opinion of the country seems moreover to have been decidedly on the side of the King; and the Chamber therefore pocketed the affront to their dignity, bowed to the exigencies of the case, and voted the constitution within the time allowed them. The revolutionary state of Greece which has lasted for two years may now be considered as terminated; and we are justified in hoping that both the Government and the Assembly will henceforth devote their attention to those measures of practical reform of which the country stands so much in need.

We learn by a despatch from Shanghai that the allied fleet, consisting of seventeen vessels, bearing the flags of England, France, Holland, and the United States, has successfully attacked the batteries erected by the Prince of Nagato at Simonosaki, and that the Japanese are suing for peace. Of course, by the "Japanese" we must understand the Prince of Nagato, for with him, and with him alone, had we and our allies any quarrel. There could be no doubt or dispute as to our perfect right to pass through the straits which he had chosen to close against us; and the Government of Japan freely admitted that this was the case. They were powerless to fulfil the treaty they had made, but they appear to have entirely concurred in the steps which we took to bring the powerful Damio in question to his senses. Nor is it easy to see how we or the other Powers could have acted otherwise than we have done. It is no doubt entirely inconsistent with the practice of civilised nations to war with private individuals, however powerful. We make treaties with the supreme authority of a State, and cast upon it the duty of giving them effect. But we do this because we find that in the long run such a course of conduct practically answers our purpose. In Japan, however, it would not answer our purpose, for the central authority is so weak that it cannot control its nominal vassals or subordinates. Hence, although it may be troublesome to deal separately with every nobleman whose possession of a fortress on the sea-shore enables him to interrupt our lawful commerce, we have really no alternative unless we choose to give up a growing and profitable trade. To take the latter course would be both pusillanimous and short-sighted; for in spite of the sinister predictions of those who are always prophesying difficulty and disaster, we see no likelihood of any general combination of the Japanese Damios against us. They are too much divided amongst themselves for anything of the kind. If the Western Powers continue to show a firm and united front, the lessons administered at Kagosima and Simonosaki will probably not be thrown away. And we may fairly expect that, if not immediately, yet at no very distant date, these haughty chieftains will cease to thwart the interests and the wishes of the peaceful, industrious, and commercial classes amongst their fellow-countrymen.

If all Irishmen expect as much from the new Lord-Lieutenant as do the Corporation of Dublin, Lord Wodehouse is likely to have a pleasant time of it. It seems to be the opinion of this distinguished municipal body that he can and ought to find a remedy for all the evils with which their country is afflicted. On no other theory can we account for their proposing to entertain the representative of the Sovereign on his arrival amongst them with a maudering Jeremiad on the topics which have so long formed the stock-in-trade of Hibernian agitators. Absenteeism, the exodus, the small amount of public money spent in Ireland, and the wretched failure of the Galway Steam Packet Company—such are the agreeable subjects they mix up with conventional expressions of loyalty, and with a few stiff words of welcome which they are careful that his lordship should not suppose to be meant for himself

personally. We do not intend to comment on the taste of this performance, for good taste cannot fairly be expected from a corporation. Still less do we propose to discuss the responsibility of the Imperial Legislature for the preference which Irish landlords undoubtedly display for a place of residence where they are in no danger of being shot at. But we cannot help expressing our admiration at the audacity with which the ultimate failure of a rickety company, whose existence we prolonged for some time by a heavy subsidy, is converted into a charge against England. What, however, principally strikes us, is the success of the Dublin Corporation in suggesting a new argument upon a subject which we thought had been worn threadbare. In addition to the other reasons for the abolition of the vice-royalty we have now this—that there is every prospect of its furnishing a periodical occasion for the Corporation of Dublin to issue impudent libels against the Government of the country and their English fellow-subjects.

THE ARCHBISHOP OF YORK ON SENSATIONAL NOVELS.

THE Archbishop of York's condemnation of the sensational stories of the day deserves to be carefully perused by the rising generation. Novels are necessarily part of the education of the young. They form the character, and they give varied ideas about life; nor could we safely wish to see them altogether discarded from the education of either men or women; but that the sensational novels of the day give a worthless and cheap education only is what every man of sense laments who has children to bring up. A first-rate novel stands to a second-rate as a good public school to a bad private one. In the best public school a boy cannot be preserved from the knowledge of evil. He sees it every day before his eyes. But he learns to take a broad view of it; he sees that the niche which evil fills among the best characters is a contemptible and a poor one; nor does he feel inclined to idealize either vice or crime. In a bad private school the boy's experience is precisely the reverse. He sees what moral disease there is close to him: it assumes unnatural and unhealthy proportions; it grows to a morbid size, and fills the whole of the prospect before his eyes. No fresh air blows about him to recall him from the contemplation of it to larger views of the ends of life. He ends by worshipping some Don Juan, or some muscular guardsman of imaginary existence, just as the young thief comes away on a cheap night from a suburban theatre adoring and idealizing Jack Sheppard. For his cure he requires moral and mental bracing; the society of good and wise men and women; or even any kind of society, provided it be upon a large scale. Thus he may perhaps learn that the world is unlike both a cheap school and a bad book,—a lesson which it will be well for him if he learns at anybody's cost rather than his own.

Upon the whole, it may be doubted whether daily study of Old Bailey anecdotes and police-court annals would do a young boy as much harm as the study of the sensational tales which of late are so much in vogue. There is nothing heroic about the dock at the Old Bailey until it gets by chance into a novel by some of the fashionable writers of the lending libraries. It is reserved for sensational novelists to make crime more interesting than it ever appears in real life to those who come across it. The most romantic philosopher of Athens has pointed out the harm done to the character by the contemplation of imaginary crime. The spectacle of the reality is far less pernicious than the history of the fictitious thing dressed up in glowing language by an experienced and powerful pen. At the end of three volumes of excitement, and interest, and passion, the mind is too unhinged to be able deliberately to judge the moral value of actions. A clever writer's object has been, it may be, to make us understand the temper and character of the forger or the murderer—the very last thing we ought to be taught if we are to pass a stern and just sentence upon his crime. All metaphysical sympathy by which we bring ourselves to comprehend what passes in a bad man's heart brings us more and more to the level of the bad man. In truth and in fact there may not be such strongly-marked lines between virtue and vice as moralists would wish. But for educational purposes, and for our own moral welfare, it is advisable for us to stand aloof, and to see the line in broad and unmistakable colours. Miss Braddon herself may declare with sincerity that in her tales she never gives the victory to vice, or leaves virtue and innocence unrewarded. But the maudlin prizes bestowed theatrically in third volumes on the best characters are not sufficient to brace us after all the wickedness of the first two.

What we want is, to get up on the top of a mountain and to hear the Ten Commandments chanted out in all solemnity. If a novel about bad people is to be a healthy one, it is not too much to say that the echo of the Ten Commandments ought to ring in every single page. But such an echo would destroy both the illusion and the excitement of sensational tales. For the same reason, therefore, as Plato banished immoral mythology, we should banish all sensational Miss Braddons from our republic.

The Archbishop of York dwells with much force on another and most miserable effect of sensational tales. They exhaust and enfeeble the imagination before it is come to its full growth. Working constantly upon people's emotions—says the Archbishop—without giving them the opportunity to put in practice what the emotion suggested, is in itself a great evil. It wears out the man in the finer part of him—he becomes jaded and palled, and unfit to do the thing which he is intended by his Maker to do. It is probable that the imagination grows jaded more quickly upon unhealthy than upon healthy food. The reason perhaps is that fine ideas and conceptions are followed by freshness and pleasure, while the coarser pabulum of the imagination produces only satiety and disgust. The former touch our sympathies and give us a vigorous interest in life, the latter affect only our selfish nerves and passions, and throw us back in shame upon ourselves. The case of the murderer Müller might probably be dressed up in such a way as to be positively poisonous to a susceptible reader. We can imagine how sensational authors would deal with it. They would portray with such effect the previous state of a diseased mind, that the crime would seem a natural and obvious affair to end with. Fortunately, as long as capital punishment remains, murder is not likely to become popular through the medium of Mudie's. But continual perusal of such tales, told in such a way, would have a tendency to wear out a man's horror of great crimes, and would doubtless exterminate his terror at little ones. It is a mark of the ability and good sense of the Archbishop that he has taken up a subject so practical and of such social interest. Lay sermons are generally excellent things; and seldom has there been a better lay sermon than the Archbishop's speech.

THE NAVAL DISCIPLINE ACT, AND ITS CONSEQUENCES.

WE have no sentimental weakness about punishing criminals when crime is committed. The protection of society demands the just punishment of evil-doers. Only let us fairly understand what are crimes and who are criminals. When the offence is against the decalogue, no doubt can arise. But in all disciplined bodies of men slight offences against established rules must be checked. Are these offences to be treated as crimes, and the check magnified into a lifelong punishment? The soldier on parade whispers or moves in the ranks; this may be an offence against discipline demanding a check, but it is quite another thing from a crime and its punishment. The Naval Discipline Act prescribes ten different punishments to be administered by courts-martial, in an almost infinite number of degrees. Most of the punishments may be awarded separately or collectively, and each one in divers degrees. Indeed, the only one which is not cumulative is the mildest—viz., admonition. If these be applied to a real crime, such as would receive a like punishment under civil law, then neither we nor its subjects can have any fault to find with it. But it is not with courts-martial and their enactments that we have now to deal. The fleet is in a fair way of being unmanned, and nobody seems to know the causes of Jack's alarm.

We have suggestions without end coming from civilians and from naval officers; but we are not aware that any steps have been taken to ascertain the seaman's own explanation of his migration. Doubtless there are many causes, arising rather from his general treatment than from particular obnoxious regulations. His general treatment may be gathered from the fact lately announced, that seventy seamen, whose engagements had expired whilst serving in the Mediterranean, were landed at Malta to find their way home out of their own pockets or as distressed British subjects—a way of popularizing the navy, in the eyes of the merchant service, to which these men are gone, which is part of the traditional policy of the Admiralty. This is one of the modes of keeping faith to the ear but breaking it to the hope, which has earned for Whitehall an unenviable notoriety for sharp practice, not to say dishonest dealing. The obnoxious regulation which we believe to be most effective in causing the present exodus, is that portion of the Naval Discipline Act which

refers to the minor punishments. A few years ago a weak sentimentality took possession of the public mind. The urchin at school was to be spared the rod, altogether in defiance of Solomon's proverb. The convicted felon became an object of far greater sympathy than the honest poor. The choicest viands and lightest tasks were thought too coarse for the interesting convict, and we were in some danger of emptying our workhouses to fill our gaols. The Admiralty, in a weak moment, bowed to the public clamour, and using the powers committed to them by the Act, proceeded to legislate in favour of the hardened ruffian and against the really good men.

Twenty-nine minor punishments were ordained, each to be administered in divers homœopathic doses, but all involving a life-long record of even the minutest peccadillo. The practical working of this record is, that the infinitesimal present punishment is simply laughed at by the vicious, for whom a life-long record has no terrors, as they do not mean to abide by the navy, or have too little regard for futurity to be swayed by the prospect. On the other hand, the good man, whose activity and zeal are frequently his only offence, finds the excess of these qualities registered against him as crimes during his whole twenty years' servitude, and influencing his pension to his dying day. For example, to the uninitiated, it is not very clear that the active topman, whose mistaken zeal endangers his own life or that of others, or induces him to resort to some unauthorized "dodge" to expedite the fulfilment of his duty aloft, and gain the *éclat* of the fleet, has committed any crime. He has, however, broken the rules, and in due course he is brought up by the police, and receiving a good wiggling, goes away perfectly satisfied that he has received his deserts, his cheerful zeal unchecked, but its objectionable application prevented. But in steps the Admiralty Defaulters' Book, dubs this "No. 28" crime, and till his dying day this smart topman finds "a reprimand" recorded against him. Again, a young well-conducted and energetic fellow is somewhat heavy-headed when the midnight call of the boatswain's mate announces that it is his "watch's" turn of duty. He fails to awake. In due time the police turn him out of bed, and his officer awards the time-honoured check of an extra hour at the "wheel," or on the look-out during his watch. This is not a punishment any more than the young fellow's offence is a crime. It is a check, which in practice is found generally sufficient to prevent the recurrence of the offence. But the merciless Defaulters' Book demands a life-long register of this five minutes' extra nap as a crime, and of the extra hour's duty at the helm, during his watch, as "No. 22" punishment.

If the Admiralty instructions were fully obeyed, nine-tenths of our seamen would be registered as criminals, and the quarterly return of punishments from each large ship would form a roll of paper something like the roll of prize-court expenses, unrolled many years ago by the late Lord Cochrane along the floor of the House of Commons in the heat of a debate on that question. True, naval officers do their best to mitigate these absurd regulations in practice by ignoring their existence, but still they are regarded, even in their most generous application, as a very sore grievance. We have known the number of registered minor punishments rise in one ship from 79 in one quarter to 230 in the next, without any real change in the number of cases, but simply by a change in the rule as to what portion of the instructions was to be obeyed, and what part disregarded. The evil of this really well-intentioned piece of philanthropy is that it only affects the good men, whose names are to be found in this registry in greater numbers, though with less frequency, than the worthless characters, who are often cunning enough in avoiding detection or keeping within the limits of the law.

We have lately taken a very wise backward step in the treatment of our convicted felons on shore by stopping their jellies and soups and increasing their tasks. Let us introduce a little common sense into the Naval Discipline Act, and, whilst treating the real criminal with well-merited severity, learn to discriminate between crime and mere irregularities, between the record of evil deeds and the life-long register of such ordinary slips in daily life on shipboard as the very best men cannot always avoid; or, the present exodus being unchecked, we may have no good characters and able seamen left to legislate for. Better far, in the seaman's estimation, is the old wholesome flogging, and have done with it, than the weak-minded and cruel philanthropy which shields the evil-doer, whilst mercilessly inflicting an endless though very slow torture on the casual offender, destructive of his self-respect and so blighting to his future prospects, that in despair he seizes the first opportunity of quitting the Navy, and thus escapes altogether from the Naval Discipline Act and its consequences.

THE TRIAL OF MÜLLER.

No one who has read the report of Müller's trial can doubt that the verdict of the jury is the only one which they could truthfully have given. There are circumstances in the case which, if the evidence against him had not been so crushing, would have pleaded strongly in his behalf, and which even now excite our wonder at a crime, to all appearance unpremeditated, committed by a man whose habitual disposition appears to have been mild and gentle, and apparently conceived and executed almost in the same instant. Up to the moment when the narrative of his movements loses sight of him, some forty minutes before the murder was committed, there is nothing to show that the perpetration of robbery or murder was within the range of his thoughts. He was working at his trade up to within a few hours of the perpetration of the crime. He left the house in which he had been working, as he told one of his companions, to go and visit an unfortunate woman living at Camberwell, with whom he had had acquaintance for some months; and there is no evidence to make us doubt that if he had reached her home early enough to find her there Mr. Briggs might still have been alive, and his assassin still pursuing his calling of journeyman tailor. We know that for some time before the murder he had contemplated going to America. It seems doubtful whether he was not possessed of money sufficient, or nearly sufficient, to pay his passage thither; and there is not a scintilla of evidence to show that until they met in the railway carriage in which the crime was committed he had ever seen Mr. Briggs before. We are thus driven to suppose either that he committed murder acting under a sudden instigation of the devil, or that although a man of mild disposition, of good character for one of his class, against whom there was no charge of idleness or intemperance, a man who had won the esteem of the respectable persons with whom he lived, he entertained coldly and steadily the idea of robbing the first eligible person he met in order to defray the expense of his voyage to America, or to make good the deficiency of his means for that purpose, and was ready to take the life of his victim, if that should be necessary. And yet, in the absence of such an explanation as he alone can give us, improbable as either inference is, it is forced upon us without any possibility of doubting it; for the evidence is overwhelming that from his hands Mr. Briggs received his death-blow. Fact upon fact tells against him. And if there is any defect in the chain of evidence brought forward by the Crown, that defect is, to a considerable extent, supplied by the evidence brought forward for the defence.

How such a defence could have been brought into Court is a matter that much surprises us. In every material point it told against the unhappy prisoner. It accounted for the way in which he spent part of his time between the hour when he left the house of Repsch, on the evening of the murder, and the hour when the murder was committed; and it showed with sufficient probability that on that evening Müller and Mr. Briggs were going about the same time towards the same point. The prosecution proved that Mr. Briggs left Peckham on the evening of the 9th of July, after dining with his niece and her husband. The defence showed that Müller much about the same time left Camberwell, after endeavouring to see the woman he was in the habit of visiting there; and as he lodged with Mr. and Mrs. Blythe, at Old Ford-road, it is not improbable that he was on his return homewards. If it seemed impossible that a man of the diminutive and slight build of Müller could contend with any chance of success with the portly and hale old man of whose murder he was accused, any doubt upon this point was set at rest by the evidence of Mr. Lee, who was triumphantly called by Serjeant Parry to prove that when the train stopped at Bow there were two persons in the same carriage with Mr. Briggs. But while Mr. Lee could not with any confidence describe either of these persons, he was able to say that Mr. Briggs, with whom he rode frequently on the North London Railway, was in the habit of sleeping on his journey. This, of course, did away at once with that part of the defence which rested the prisoner's innocence on a disparity of bulk, weight, and strength; for a blow dealt on the head of a sleeping man might discomfit him at once, no matter what his strength or age. Then, as to the cutting down of Mr. Briggs's hat, the defence called witnesses to prove that hats are customarily cut down in the second-hand trade and stitched. But of the two experts called upon this point, one said that he would not have put a hat together again as Mr. Briggs's hat was put together, but would stick, as well as stitch it, with dissolved shellac; while the other said that though he might, to save time, dispense with shellac, he would yet not stitch the hat as

Mr. Briggs's was stitched. Upon these three points the defence helped to make out the case for the prosecution. And as if not satisfied, in their blundering eagerness to have something to say, with the fiasco they had made thus far, they called the conductor of an omnibus to prove that one evening last summer he carried a passenger who wore, he thought, a carpet slipper, and who leant so heavily on his arm in getting up or getting down, that the conductor thought he had a touch of his own complaint, the gout!

"Save me from my friends!" Never was such a botch made of a defence as in the case of this wretched Müller. The witnesses for the prosecution said more in his favour than those whom the German Protection Society, with the best goodwill and admirable good feeling, raked up for him. Those who knew him best testified that he was a man of inoffensive manners, mild and humane. His own impuissant appearance spoke, as far as it could speak, for his innocence. And there were gaps in the evidence which we do not think could have affected the result, but which it was certainly not the business of the defence to fill up. We have stated the grounds on which we base our belief that they did fill them up to a great and material extent. And we may go further and say that admirable as was the skill with which Serjeant Parry brought out the improbability of his client's guilt, leaving no point untouched which offered the prospect of bending the minds of his judges in his favour, he initiated his defence of Müller by an indiscretion which would have gone far to put his client in peril, even had the facts of the case offered a possibility of acquittal. As we understand the duty of an advocate, especially in such a case, he should maintain before the jury an implicit confidence in the innocence of his client, and circumstances will readily suggest themselves to the minds of our readers in which such a bearing on the part of a prisoner's counsel may vitally affect his position. Now this appears to us to have been the only quality in which Serjeant Parry's address was defective. He was not called upon to make a solemn asseveration of his belief in Müller's innocence; and if he had done so he would have laid himself open to the castigation which, under similar circumstances, fell to the lot of Mr. Phillips in the case of Courvoisier, and of Serjeant Shee in the case of Palmer. But what great or insignificant example can Serjeant Parry plead for that extraordinary declaration by which he distinctly severed his personal convictions from the theory of his client's innocence, and refused to express any belief in it? "I know," he said, "that there have been men in my profession, far more eminent than I am ever likely to be, who have damaged themselves, damaged their clients, and damaged the profession to which they belonged by solemn asseverations of the innocence of the person whom they were defending. *I shall indulge in no such asseveration.*" A more unnecessary or damaging disclaimer it is impossible to imagine. Between not making "such an asseveration," and distinctly refusing to make it, there is all the difference in the world. The personal convictions of an advocate are not matters for the consideration of a jury. But they certainly believe that what he has to urge upon their attention he urges in good faith, sincerely, and with a conviction that he is not parading before their eyes a doubtful statement, but one which is entitled to their belief. How is it possible that he will convince them if he begins by refusing to say that he himself is convinced? We cannot conceive a greater fault in an advocate than this. To test its indiscretion still further, take the words which almost immediately follow:—"This, however, I pledge myself to do—and I am not speaking idly,—to demonstrate to you that upon the evidence laid before you, you cannot find this young man guilty." From the moment these words are pronounced, after what has gone before, it is clear to the jury that there is to be between them and the prisoner's counsel a contest of wits. He will endeavour to puzzle them, to suggest difficulties, to create doubts; he will fight against their impressions, received from the evidence of the prosecution, like an intellectual athlete. But when he has divided himself in two; when he separates Serjeant Parry, the citizen, from Serjeant Parry, the advocate; when he tells them that he will convince them in his latter capacity though he refuses to express any belief of his own in his former—what are they to infer? What are they to infer when, crowning this indiscretion, he concludes his speech by asking a judgment in favour of his client not from their justice, but from their "mercy?"

We do not say that these slips, so patent, so needless, so roundabout and uncalled for, did any real damage to his unfortunate client. We point them out solely because Serjeant Parry's example may mislead younger advocates, and tell one day injuriously upon a client who may have a better defence than Müller. Serjeant Parry has the high consolation

of knowing that as, on one hand, nothing that he could do for his client could better his prospects; so, on the other, his unnecessary purism has not injured him. Never was a case resting on circumstantial evidence more convincingly made out. Mr. Briggs is murdered on Saturday night a few minutes after ten o'clock. On Monday morning at ten Müller exchanges his chain at Mr. Death's shop for another chain and a ring. Müller's hat is found in the railway carriage in which Mr. Briggs was a passenger. Mr. Briggs's hat and watch are found in Müller's trunk. The hat has been cut down, and put together again as no hatter would have done it. Müller pretends that he bought the hat, but no attempt is made to show where or from whom he bought it, though the trade is ransacked for witnesses to show that in the second-hand business hats are commonly cut down and stitched together again—but not as this hat was stitched. It comes out in cross-examination that Müller's hat was lined with a lining of which the manufacturer said he had but one, or at most two samples. And with all this weight of testimony bearing immediately on the perpetration and the perpetrator of the murder—there is not a word to implicate, in the most distant manner, any one else. Can we doubt that Müller is guilty? Some of his compatriots profess to do so, and they have petitioned her Majesty, relying possibly on the sympathies attributed to her, to commute the sentence of death. But to do that would be to abolish capital punishment. It is miserable to contemplate the violent death of a fellow-creature even according to law. But to spare Müller and ever again to hang a murderer is an exercise of the Royal prerogative which the Queen's advisers will hardly counsel.

JOHN LEECH.

WIT, which is in itself the brightest and most nimble emanation of life, seems to have some strange affinity with death. Whether it be that the wit and humorist can only be such by virtue of some exquisite delicacy of organization which is seldom able to withstand for long the rough usage of the world,—or whether the perpetual creativeness of genius exhausts the animal energies in the process, drawing, as it were, through the fine electric agency of the nerves, all the spirit and sap of a man's life, and expending it in beautiful and airy forms,—certain it is that men of conspicuous ability in the gay and joyous world of fancy are generally short-lived. Shakespeare dying at fifty-two is a type of the fate that seems reserved for all who, whether in literature or in what is technically called art, have any share in the mental power which created Falstaff. Of Shakespeare's dramatic contemporaries, not many lived to be elderly. Philosophers last out their eight or nine decades, and are vigorous almost to the end; statesmen and lawyers are conspicuous in the records of longevity; epic poets and "high art" painters not unfrequently hold on until seventy or eighty; but the humorist is mostly fragile, and dies young. Thomas Hood and Mackworth Praed are instances in point; and of those who founded *Punch* three-and-twenty years ago, but few now remain. A'Beckett died at forty; Albert Smith at not much later; Jerrold at fifty-four; Thackeray at fifty-two. And now we have to mourn the loss of one who has done more, perhaps, than any of those brilliant writers to create and sustain the unexampled popularity of our weekly satirist. At the early age of forty-seven, John Leech is dead. The announcement of his decease, which was made in some of the morning papers of Monday, came like an astonishment on all who had learnt to regard the sketches of this genial and gifted man as a part of the appointed and unfailing sunshine of their lives. For more than twenty years he had, indeed, been almost as regular in his appearances as the sun itself. Scarcely a week passed during all that period in which his pleasant fancies did not shine out from the pages of *Punch*, and not seldom from other pages too. We came at length to expect them like some natural largesse of the earth or elements, and, it is to be feared, took them too much as a matter of course, ungratefully forgetting the enormous labour of such productiveness. It is said of some men that we cannot associate with them the idea of death; and this was pre-eminently so with him who has just departed from our midst. He could draw sad and touching, ay, and even grand things; yet his sketches, for the most part, were so light and bright and happy-making, so full both of the vigour and the zest of English life, that we never thought of their originator in the solemn twilight of mortality. We knew, too, that he was still in the prime of life, and, if we calculated chances at all, we hoped to see him working for our delight during another quarter of a century.

Yet already he is gone. The current number of *Punch*, published on Wednesday, contains a sketch of his, full of his wonted spirit, humour, observation of life, and easy mastery of touch; but, on the previous Saturday evening, the hand that drew it dropped cold in death.

Some five-and-twenty years must have passed since Mr. Leech—then a medical student and a friend of Albert Smith, who was also qualifying himself for the same profession—began to make little droll sketches of life and character, which were published in some of the periodicals of the day. Though full of humour and keen appreciation of social oddities, they were somewhat coarse in execution, partaking of the extravagant caricaturism of the time; and probably few who looked at them anticipated that the artist would at no very distant day attain the consummate power which he afterwards displayed. Some of his early etchings on steel, in illustration of stories published in *Bentley's Miscellany* about the year 1841, were indeed sufficiently poor; and, though he afterwards improved greatly even in this respect, and produced some good effects of colour on steel, his real calling was for sketches on wood. He had the good sense to know this, and to keep mainly to that line. There are certain things which are specially adapted to call forth a man's peculiar faculty; and happy is he who meets with the very employment best calculated to develop all that is in him. The establishment of *Punch* was a singularly fortunate circumstance for Leech. No other publication, except one of the same kind, could have been so admirably fitted for the particular talent of the man. It helped to educate him; it was partly made by him, and partly made him. He joined it in the second month of its existence, and very few numbers have appeared, from that August, 1841, to this present November, 1864, that have not been gladdened and enriched by the creations of his exhaustless brain. In earlier years, he did many of the political caricatures; but of late he abandoned that species of work entirely, and confined himself to those sketches of social manner and character in which he has never had an equal, and seems to have left no successor. When it is borne in mind that these drawings were almost entirely pure exercises of the fancy—based indeed on certain general conditions in the outer world, but not suggested by actual occurrences, and therefore requiring an immense amount of invention to bring them forth in a palpable and "telling" shape—the most inexperienced will be able to form some idea of the tremendous draught on a man's spirits and energy implied in the production of such pictures, week after week, year after year, in sickness and in health, in despondency as well as in natural mirth, and whether the season were prolific or sterile in suggestive matter. That Mr. Leech sometimes "repeated himself" is doubtless perfectly true. He had a manner of his own, as all men of genius have, and he had his pet subjects and his favourite types of face. But within the circle which circumscribed him, as it circumscribes the greatest—and his very devotees do not claim for him a position among the chosen few—how rich was the variety, how admirable the skill! What artist has ever yet so felicitously united the rough oddity of caricature with an overmastering perception of truth and a sanctifying sense of beauty? Leech gave us the humours of the streets, and did not disgust; he sketched the frivolities of the drawing-room, and did not weary. Whether he were reproducing the poor little errand boy, with his gambols, his mischief, and his harmless slang, or the terrible human offscourings of St. Giles's kennels, or the "gent" out for a holiday, or the exquisite at his club or in the parks, or the lady of fashion at dinner or ball, or jauntily a-horseback in bewitching hat and feather, or the Paterfamilias and Materfamilias of middle-class life at home or by the seaside, surrounded by "the girls and boys," or the footman of Belgravia, or the "servant gal" of Paddington, or the garotting ruffian, or the foreigner whom he detested, or the whole tribe of huntsmen, sportsmen, and anglers whom he loved,—in all he was equally at home, for the quick eye for truth and nature, and the cunning hand to interpret what the eye had seen, were never wanting. What a heaped measure and overplus of life do we find in these amazing sketches! What a reflex of our age! What a miniature England! For not only did he give us character and human life to excess, but he "threw in," as a sort of careless make-weight, horses and dogs and donkeys, all discriminated with the touch of a master in that special walk; and not content with this, but, adding wealth to wealth, he would dash on to the block, as mere backgrounds, and often effected by a few rough strokes, landscapes and sea-scapes and sky-scapes, wherein we saw the tangled brakes and hedgerows of our land, the long flat fields, the soft retirement of distant hills, the rivers drowsy with muffling sedge and reedy overgrowth, the heavy heat of

August noons, the wiry trees of March scratching and quivering in a keen air from the north, or a wild coast in autumn with the wind in visible motion on the frothy billows and the scudding clouds, and in the streaming hair and skirts of ladies on the shore. At this present moment, with the shock of the artist's death fresh upon us, we cannot pretend to enter into anything like an analytical criticism on his genius, or to show wherein he failed, or what were the limitations of his powers. We glance in imagination over the long achievements of years, and can only note the wonderful panorama which they unfold. But one point should be specially mentioned—the tender, almost touching, sense which Mr. Leech possessed of the beauty of women and children. And whenever we look again at those beautiful sketches of fresh young life, we shall recollect with a sad interest that, on the very evening when he breathed his last, a child's party had assembled at his house, and was hastily dismissed by the approach of death.

The writer of the admirable obituary notice in the *Times* hints that the melancholy end of Mr. Leech was accelerated by the agony he endured from the organ-men whom he so often satirized; and a letter from Mr. Mark Lemon is quoted to that effect. Our street musicians have already enough to answer for in disturbing the peace of studious men; but this is surely an extreme exaggeration. Mr. Leech suffered greatly from all sorts of noises; but the first causes of his sufferings were the first causes of his death. The truth—the sad truth—is, that he worked his delicate organization until the whole nervous system gave way. The man was struck down by excessive toil, yet he went on toiling. A form of heart disease supervened, and while his years were still in all their vigour, and not a little in their freshness, he was taken from the place he filled only too well, and which we do not expect to see filled again.

THE NEXT ELECTION CRY.

WE are threatened with a tremendous "cry" at the next General Election. The "Permissive Bill" is to be the *sine qua non* of admission to Parliament, if the United Kingdom Alliance can in any way effect it. From Mr. Bass's recent speech to the Licensed Victuallers' Association at Leicester, it appears that every candidate is to be asked whether he will vote for the Permissive Bill; and, if he will not, the whole force of the Alliance is to be brought to bear against him. To those who have not followed up the development of this body, it may appear that "the whole force" of such an association is not a very formidable thing to encounter; but there may be a little too much confidence on that head. An extensive organization has been elaborated; committees are already formed; and the Alliance has at its command a very large sum of money. The Licensed Victuallers must look to it. Their enemies have been actively at work while they themselves have been asleep in the snugness of the bar-parlours; but the trumpet-note of Mr. Bass may be in time to waken them before the chances of safety have passed. Subscriptions of £600 a year to this new League are announced, and there is no doubt that many men of wealth and position—actuated by motives which we fully respect, and with which we can, to some extent sympathize, while entirely disagreeing with the means by which it is sought to advance the cause of temperance—have associated themselves with the efforts of the anti-alcoholic reformers. Mr. Dawson Burns, one of the leading spirits of the Alliance (if we may talk of "spirits" in connection with total abstinence), admits in a letter to the *Times* that it is really intended to demand of all candidates for election or re-election, "whether they will allow a very large majority of the population in any parish to do what all landowners are able to do, and many of them have done—remove from their midst the public manufactories of poverty, vice, and crime." We know, therefore, what to expect, and must take our measures accordingly.

Our readers do not need to be told that the infinite horrors and miseries of drunkenness afflict us as much as they do those who have undertaken a special crusade against the evil. We concede all that is said on this point, as all men of ordinary sense must concede it. But we deny that the disease is to be cured by any such arbitrary process as the proposed Permissive Bill. We do not forget the lesson of the Maine Liquor law, which really intensified the vice it was designed to extirpate; and we have no desire to see in England a repetition of the secret artifices, the fraud, the trickery, and the low subterfuges by which drink was obtained by those who would have it, nor of the system of espionage by which it was attempted to support and vindicate the law. When Mr. Dawson Burns says that the Permissive Bill "would be prohibitory just as the

Permissive Health of Towns Act is prohibitory, but it would be none the less permissive, as simply permitting and not imposing the execution of its provisions," he forgets, or puts out of sight, the vast difference between the two cases. The Permissive Health of Towns Act did not interfere with the harmless enjoyments—the life-long habits, in many respects necessary to perfect health—of an incalculable number of highly respectable people; nor did it strike a mortal blow at a great trade which, though often leading to deplorable results in those who have no self-control, is not essentially an immoral trade, and is even a necessity to the comforts of all classes of the people. We agree with the *Times* in thinking that it would be a great injustice to those who have such immense sums of money embarked in the liquor traffic if they "could not tell from three years to three years, sometimes not from year to year, whether they would have any market." Of course, questions of morality must not be made to stoop to those of interest; but, when the good results of putting a stop to this immense trade are more than doubtful—when there is no reasonable question in our own minds that arbitrary temperance would prove again, as it has proved before, exacerbated drunkenness, *plus* deceit and hypocrisy, spying and despotism—we must decline to go with the Alliance in its project for coercing Parliamentary candidates. And we believe the country generally will equally repudiate such guidance. An active and fanatical body may do much in the prosecution of its fixed idea; but English constituencies are not commonly given to theorizing, and it is pretty certain that John Bull loves his Bass and his Allsopp better than his Dawson Burns & Co.

ORNAMENTAL ART AND ARTISTS IN ENGLAND.

WHEN Art Schools were established in this country, they were designated "Schools of Design." The name is now happily exploded. It was ill-chosen, because it somehow conveyed the impression that the only object of these schools was to teach design, and train designers for the English calico printers and other manufacturers of ornamental textile fabrics. It is doubtful whether Art education has yet recovered from the injury thus inflicted. The manufacturers have shown no appreciation for schools of Art and Art teaching. They have never attempted to supply themselves with designs by means of these schools. On the other hand, the public, when called upon for subscriptions, grumbled at keeping up a school for the benefit of the manufacturers. "If they want to educate designers," they said, "they are quite able to pay for their training." Thus the Art Schools have been supported neither by the manufacturers nor by the general public. Many are in a state of chronic insolvency, and the new system of "payment by results" will, it is feared, close the doors of several institutions which are now doing useful work in their respective neighbourhoods. A local rate would supply the schools with premises, and, in conjunction with school fees, would amply meet the current expenditure. But a local rate, owing to the jealousy existing between the manufacturers and the rest of the public, cannot be levied. The Cork School of Art is partly supported by a local rate, and the Burslem school has been re-established upon the basis of a local rate. These are, it is to be regretted, the only two cases in which Mr. Ewart's permissive Act has been put in operation.

It was natural that the first promoters of Art teaching should call the new schools "Schools of Design," because they regarded the primary object of the new institutions to be to teach designers as a class, and only a small section of designers. Upon this assumption a grant of £600 for example was given by the Board of Trade to Manchester, as a centre of the cotton manufacture, while no grant was made to Liverpool or Birmingham. The manufacturers, however, replied:—"We do not want you to teach us how to make patterns for our consumers. That is our business, and if you will mind your affairs we will mind ours." The Science and Art Department admitted the force of the objection. Their eyes in time became opened. They saw in Manchester a population of half a million engaged in making cotton and thread, while a certain other proportion were engaged in weaving it. The persons employed in making patterns were small in number, and the manufacturer had a decent breeches-pocket interest in the improvement of his designs. In Liverpool, or any other wealthy non-manufacturing place, there is a constant, and perhaps larger, demand for industrial decorative Art, and a class of consumers having more influence upon Art-manufactures than the producers. The Department came at length to perceive that Edinburgh, Dublin, Liverpool, Bristol, New-

castle-on-Tyne, and other wealthy towns, have just as much right to a State grant towards a School of Art as Manchester, Birmingham, Sheffield, and the manufacturing towns. The next step was to perceive the importance of establishing Schools of Art in the smaller towns. Mr. Cole pronounces a cathedral town to be the very best place for a School of Art. "It has a well-to-do population, consisting of tradesmen well off, clergymen with daughters, and as many artisans and labourers, on the average, as any town in any part of the country; such a population being rather more disposed to Art than the mere producers of manufactures."

The artisan class is represented in our Schools of Art in almost all its branches and relations. There are few artisans, indeed, who are not able to turn the Art instruction, derived in the schools, to practicable and profitable account. In large communities the decoration of the dwellings of the middle and wealthy classes offers employment to various classes of workmen—painters, carvers, gilders, paper-hangers, workers in stucco and plaster of Paris, &c. Builders, carpenters, masons, and smiths, require Art teaching in order to become intelligent and tasteful workmen and successful masters. The city of York is no longer a seat of manufacture, yet it is an important place for the training of masons and for stone and wood-carving. A School of Art flourishes in this quiet city, and those who doubt whether Art instruction can be beneficial except in large manufacturing towns will do well to glance at the attainments and career of some of the York students. Some are exercising the profession of architects and artists, others are teaching drawing and painting, and one is a teacher of drawing in a military school. Mr. Noble, the sculptor, has for his principal assistant a late pupil in this school. One is a designer and manufacturer of stained glass, another is foreman and designer of furniture for a firm at Liverpool; several stand high as lithographers, and one as an engraver. At Chester not less than 3,017 individuals received instruction last year through the agency of the School of Art—the larger proportion belonging to the public schools—receiving State grants. There are no staple manufactures in Chester calling for ornamental design, yet mechanical, architectural, and object drawing is found to be of immediate and practical value to the students. The school gives medals for architectural designs and machinery, and the medals have been taken by builders, upholsterers, stone carvers, millwrights, &c. A London firm of lithographers, patentees of the chromo-fulgent show-boards, for which they obtained a medal in the Great Exhibition, have engaged one of the Chester prize students, and nearly all the architects, builders, upholsterers, engineers, and other trades requiring drawing are supplied with youths from the Chester School of Art. If the reader will imagine the same influence and the same results silently at work in the ninety towns and districts possessing Art Schools, he will be satisfied that a great deal is being done to train our artisans so that, in the words of Mr. Beresford Hope, they may be capable of "importing artistic feeling into the designs of our furniture, our metal-work, and all the productions of common life."

If we could look in upon the Art Schools while the artisan evening classes are at work, we should find a general resemblance in the instructions up to a certain point, and then a diversity suggested by the particular industry of the neighbourhood. The student has first to acquire a freedom of hand and the power of copying what is before him—the command of his pencil, in fact. The course of study is the same until the student has gained a certain power of drawing, modelling, and painting. He is then led on to technical instruction, and the designs applicable to special manufactures. In Lambeth, for example, there is an Art School under an able and excellent master, Mr. Sparkes. It is attended by a good many engineers employed by Maudslay & Co., Messrs. Easton and Amos, Messrs. Napier, the South-Western Railway workshops, &c. A few come over the water from Messrs. Myers', and the large building establishments on the Middlesex side. Here instructions in art, as applied to silk and lace, would be useless. The mechanics, not having the terror of the Central Department before their eyes, will scarcely learn free-hand drawing. They practise mechanical drawing—copy an actual piece of machinery—make designs in iron-work—learn how to make working-drawings in their own peculiar trades—and are taught, in fact, as if they were apprentices in an engineers' workshop. There is also a modelling class of practical workmen, who, as wood and stone-carvers, chasers, die-sinkers, and others, bring their knowledge of modelling into their daily employments. The Lambeth school also has an important figure-class from the life. By means of mechanical and engineering drawing the ordinary workman qualifies himself to become a

foreman. "When a drawing is sent into his workshop he is as good a man as his foreman, and is as well able to read it." It is difficult to overrate the importance of mechanical drawing in a manufacturing town. It involves a more economical application of industry. An inventive mechanic who joins a class for mechanical drawing can sketch his design for a machine upon paper and elaborate it there, instead of making his experiments and judging of the size of his machinery by "rule of thumb." Many crude and rash experiments are thereby avoided.

At Macclesfield, Coventry, Paisley, Manchester, and Glasgow a majority of the students are employed in drawing foliage and ornamental forms. The Birmingham students apply themselves a good deal to modelling, but the jappanners require instruction from the draughtsman rather than the modeller, and the silver trade and the electro-plating manufacture demand a good deal of engraving. In Manchester, Paisley, &c., the pattern-designers require technical instruction. The masters of Art Schools, in fact, find it alike their duty and their interest to make themselves acquainted with the particular branches of industry followed by the inhabitants, in order to make their Schools as useful as possible to the locality. There are, however, certain wants common to every wealthy and populous community. They require, as we have said, upholstery for the furnishing of their houses, wall-papers, gilding, cornices, candelabra, &c., for the decoration of their rooms, and, in short, all the high class ornamentation that can be taught in a School of Design.

It is satisfactory to know that persons educated in our Schools of Design and Schools of Art are being extensively employed, with honour to themselves and advantage to their employers, in the various manufactures of this country. Mr. Cole was asked whether, for works of the highest Art in Art manufactures, he would go to a foreigner or an Englishman? His answer deserves to be transcribed, because he gives honour where it is justly due. "I should say you can get the highest Art you can possibly desire by going to people who have been educated in these schools. Schools cannot create genius, but they can educe it. Flaxman arose without Schools of Art; but Schools of Art are calculated to bring out many Flaxmans, and are doing so." When we remember, moreover, the testimony of the French Commissioners to the method and precision of Art teaching in England, we may hope that the present race of students will successfully carry on the application of Art to manufactures, and thereby raise the estimation in which our goods are held by foreign nations.

A FRENCH VIEW OF THE BELFAST RIOTS.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Times* points out an amusing instance of the wonderful ignorance of this country shown by French writers. In an illustrated almanac for 1865, called *Almanach de Voleur*, published at the Dépôt Central des Almanachs, 18, Rue de Seine, Paris, the riots in Belfast are thus alluded to:—

"GUERRE CIVILE A BELFAST.

"Belfast est une petite ville d'Irlande, avoisinant Edinbourg, et habitée en grande partie par des ouvriers, la plupart terrassiers ou charpentiers. . . . Au mois d'Avril dernier les Catholiques d'Edinbourg ayant eu l'idée de rendre un solennel hommage à la mémoire d'O'Connell en lui érigeant une statue," &c.

The concluding paragraph is as follows:—

"Des habitants inoffensifs, des femmes, des enfants furent égorgés et torturés avec des raffinements qui rappellent les horreurs des guerres de religion au moyen-âge."

We know not which most to admire, the writer's powers of exaggeration, or his knowledge of topography.

M. JULES FAVRE ON THE FRENCH OCCUPATION OF ROME.

A CURIOUS statement is made by M. Boggio, member of the Italian Parliament, as to the opinion of M. Jules Favre on the occupation of Rome by the French. In a pamphlet he has recently published, he states that in June last, upon his complaining to M. Favre of the constant refusal of Napoleon to evacuate Rome, M. Favre replied, "Would to Heaven that he did so to-morrow," but went on to explain that it was not for the sake of Italy that he entertained that wish, but of France. Pressed by M. Boggio to be more explicit, he continued—

"My dear friend, if he evacuated Rome to-day he would not be Emperor to-morrow. Have you ever been to our churches? If so, have you remarked how in every one of them there is a box for the Peter's pence? Have you considered that each month France gives, as her offering to St. Peter, hundreds of thousands—nay, millions of francs? Have you reflected on the immense sums made up of private donations, from the rich and noble lady of the Faubourg St. Germain—indeed, I should begin with the Empress herself—who gives her

superfluity, down to the poor creature who goes without her dish of coffee and her pinch of snuff to pay her tribute to the Pope? If you have thought of all that, you must have understood that there is no Government in France that could abandon Rome and the Pope to Italy without signing at the same time its own ruin."

M. Boggio, surprised at such language from a member of the legislative body who has so strongly defended the claim of the Italians to Rome, was about to ask him what he would do if he were Minister. "If I was Minister!" replied M. Favre. "You have reason to rejoice that I am not Minister, if you would insist upon my demanding the surrender of Rome to the Italians." If M. Boggio's statement is correct, and M. Jules Favre has not yet contradicted it, it throws considerable light on the difficulty the Emperor of the French has had to confront in the Roman question, as well as upon the prospect the Italians have of making Rome their capital so long as France dictates the policy of their government. M. Boggio naturally asks, "Will Napoleon III. be disposed to do for us what M. Jules Favre himself would not venture to do were he Minister?"

THE HURRICANE AT CALCUTTA.

WE have dreadful news from Calcutta. On the 5th ult. a hurricane swept over that port, unexampled in the devastation it caused amongst the shipping in the harbour. Out of 200 vessels not one escaped damage, and only twenty remained sea-worthy. Fourteen Liverpool ships of first-class construction were totally wrecked. The Paris papers publish a telegram from Calcutta, which states the number of ships wrecked at 110, and estimates the total destruction of property at 200 million francs. But the most dreadful part of the story is the statement that 12,000 persons were drowned!

THE FOREIGN CREDITORS OF SPAIN.

THE conversion of Spain to honesty is one of those events people wisely refuse to believe till they see it, and about which it is as well not to be sanguine. Still there have latterly been evidences of an awakening on the part of some of her leading men to the discreditable position she occupies, and of a yet larger number who begin to believe that honesty may, after all, be her best policy. A paragraph appears in *La Correspondencia*, the Government organ, of the 27th ult., which is supposed to be official and to foreshadow the intentions of the Government. It is as follows:—

"It is stated to-day, that if last night's meeting at the Ministry of Hacienda (at which Señor Barzanallana so nobly and eloquently addressed himself to the patriotism of the bankers and largest taxpayers of Madrid, to relieve the Treasury from its present embarrassments) should not meet with any result, the Government, acting within their powers, with the strictest legality, and in accordance with what the circumstances require, will endeavour to open the foreign bourses and markets by making publicly known their intention to arrange, with the approbation of the Cortes, those questions which, at present, prevent the circulation of Spanish funds in foreign markets."

There may be much in the "if" which appears in the first line of this paragraph to qualify the agreeable prospect offered towards its close. But that a Spanish Ministry should even entertain the thought of paying the nation's debts to foreign creditors, is a hopeful sign.

THE BAR IN THE BANKRUPTCY COURT.

IF the often utilized foreigner were to stray into the region of Basinghall-street, and look in at the Courts of the Commissioners of Bankruptcy, he would come away with an impression highly unfavourable to tribunals which play so important a part in this capital of the world's commerce. He would find them dirty, dingy, cramped for room, crowded with people whose appearance would suggest the propriety of his looking well to his pockets, and whose odour would be the reverse of agreeable to his nose. He would be struck by the absence of that imposing air with which the administration of justice in England is generally supposed to be invested; nor would he be much impressed by the Commissioners themselves. But with his preconceived notions of the high standing of the English bar, what could he say to the barristers? Some of these gentlemen appear to us to constitute, *par excellence*, the weak point of Basinghall-street. They represent their profession as it would appear if every trace of the gentleman had departed from it. And it seems, from a little scene which the *Solicitors' Journal* has reported, that their manners do not belie their appearance. On the 20th ult. Mr. Sargood and Mr. Doria happened to be engaged in the same case, when Mr. Doria so conducted himself towards his learned brother that the latter had to make a formal complaint to Mr. Registrar Winslow. Mr. Sargood said:—

"At a private meeting for the examination of an arranging debtor, Mr. Doria, attending as counsel for the witness, had thought fit several times to interrupt the progress of the examination. Of that I did not so much complain; but at a later period of the examination Mr. Doria spoke in a very improper manner, telling me to go on with my examination, and repeating that remark in a most offensive way several times. I said, 'I do not understand what you mean;' whereupon Mr. Doria, after making other observations, exclaimed, 'G— d— your eyes, sir, take that,' and struck me in the face."

Mr. Doria explained that he had not struck Mr. Sargood "without that provocation which no gentleman should receive from

another," and then in his turn he proceeded to complain of Mr. Sargood's appealing to the Bench upon a matter which "occurred in a private room" as "a very cowardly proceeding—much too cowardly for any gentleman having a proper regard for his own dignity and the public decency." From this it would appear that Mr. Doria thinks it the privilege of a gentleman to act like a pugilist, and that he has the right of dealing in any way he pleases with a learned brother's face so long as he does it in a private room. It would be gratifying to know what the provocation was which Mr. Sargood gave Mr. Doria which that gentleman's honour could not brook. In one respect he certainly erred. Instead of complaining to the Registrar, he should have handed Mr. Doria over to a neighbouring tribunal which has a summary method of punishing ruffians.

GUNPOWDER AT PURFLEET.

IN the course of the inquest on the Erith explosion one of the witnesses, employed in the storing of gunpowder by the Government, gave us to believe that the precautions taken by the Government were infinitely greater than those adopted by ordinary manufacturers. Mr. John Langley, store-keeper for Messrs. Tego & Wilks, gunpowder manufacturers, of Dartford, is not of this opinion. In his evidence before the Coroner he stated that when he heard the explosion he thought it was at Purfleet, and when asked by the Coroner why he thought so, he answered, "Because they are not so particular as ourselves. We have had powder in casks from there sixty years; these casks have come from Malta, and have been in a most scandalous condition."

"How do you know they come from Purfleet?—My employers were in the habit of buying gunpowder called unserviceable from the Government. The powder flies out of the barrels like dust. (Sensation.) The barrels are marked with the broad arrow."

"A jurymen—Why do you think Purfleet badly managed?—What I say is, the way they return the powder to us is very dangerous, the barrels being loose, and only partly headed up."

"By Mr. Perrin—The powder we receive from Purfleet is sent back to the mills to be re-manufactured. We send it away in the same unsafe casks. If the Government consider them safe we must not complain. If they send the powder in a basket we must receive it."

Can this be true?

A NEW RAILWAY-CARRIAGE.

THE murders which have been committed in railway-carriages, both in France and in England, have stimulated invention, and a first-class railway-carriage, in which it is next to impossible that people shall be murdered, or any of those alarming scenes take place of which we have had recently such graphic accounts, is the result. The new carriage contains as many places, and quite as commodious, as those at present in use. For several months it has been tried by the Strasbourg Railway Company, passengers have used it in preference to the other carriages, and it has received the approval of a committee of inquiry, over which the Minister of Public Works presided. A passage traverses its entire length, permitting the guards to see all that passes during the progress of the train. At the end of the passage there is a water-closet, and passengers can walk and smoke on a covered platform placed at each extremity of the waggon. But, though the inventor has proved his case, and though the new carriage does not cost more than an ordinary one, it has not been adopted. French railway companies are like our own,—they think more of their dividends than of the safety of their passengers. Would it not be well if our Government were to send one of its railway inspectors to see and report upon the new carriage?

THE REGIUS PROFESSORSHIP OF GREEK AT OXFORD.—We learn that the Hebdomadal Council met at Oxford on Monday to consider the proposal made by the Vice-Chancellor, that in consideration of the labours of the Regius Professor of Greek a salary of £400 a year be paid to him, and that after a short discussion the proposal was rejected by a majority of one. The division list was as follows:—

For the Endowment.	Against.
The Vice-Chancellor.	The Provost of Oriel.
The Dean of Christ Church.	The President of St. John's.
The Master of Balliol.	The President of Magdalen.
Professor Pusey.	The Warden of All Souls'.
Professor Jacobson.	The Warden of New College.
Professor Wilson.	Professor Hentley.
Professor Price.	Professor Mansel.
Professor Bernard.	Mr. Mitchell.
Mr. Eaton.	Mr. Hansell.
The Junior Proctor.	Mr. Turner.
	The Senior Proctor.

—Express.

THE REPORTED DISSOLUTION OF PARLIAMENT.—Colonel Taylor, who has charge of the general election business of the Conservatives, has given the agents of the party in the provinces the stimulus of an *alerte*. About ten days ago he sent out circulars bidding them prepare for a general election in November. The news spread like wildfire, and because of its source, does not seem to have been doubted. One of the provincial Conservative journals in giving it declared that it did so on "all but official" authority, considering, we presume, that Lord Derby is "all but" in office. The announcement has caused a good deal of trouble to the Conservatives, who by this time are satisfied that it had no foundation. The journals which at first encouraged

the story now say that, if the dissolution does not take place, it will be because Colonel Taylor's exposure of the plot has destroyed the chance of its success. If, therefore, we get through the next month in peace the gratitude of the country will be due to that gentleman. It would be interesting to know how Colonel Taylor was led into his singular error, since it is certain that it never had the least basis in the acts or intentions of the Government.

AN important family question has lately been decided at Naples. It will be remembered that the late Prince of Capua, a younger brother of Ferdinand II., married Miss Penelope Smith, an English, or rather an Irish lady. The marriage was not acknowledged by the family, and the Prince and Princess left the country. On the death of the Queen Dowager Isabella, mother of Ferdinand II., some efforts were made to mitigate the position of the Royal pair, but the Princess was never acknowledged as such by the Bourbons. It was, however, decided lately by the Supreme Court of Justice in Naples that she was entitled to her full rank, while her children were legitimized and placed by the Italian law courts on the same footing with the other descendants of the Bourbon family. The Prince of Capua died about a year since, too early to witness the justice done to his wife and children.

"AUTHENTIC STATEMENT."—A Parliamentary volume just issued, containing the proceedings of the Commons Select Committee on the Taxation of Ireland, has many conflicting statements, but there is at least one paragraph which may be said to present no assailable part; it is from the pen of a distinguished member of the committee, who has been in office, and is a very high authority on all these financial questions. He writes in his report:—"The following statement may be considered authentic:—The value of the whole unredeemed debt of Great Britain, at the time of the Union, was £ . . . This sum includes funded and unfunded debt. The value of the whole unredeemed debt of Ireland, funded and unfunded, was £ . . . The ratio which the British debt bore to the Irish debt was to 2. The value of the unredeemed debt of Great Britain, funded and unfunded, on the 1st of January, 1817, was £ . . . The value of the unredeemed debt of Ireland, funded and unfunded, was at the same period £ . . . The ratio then borne by the British to the Irish debt was to 2."

CARRIED OFF BY A CUTTLEFISH.—A late letter from Cuba contains an account of the carrying off a boy eight years old by a cuttlefish. Several children, coming upon the fish on the beach, attacked it with sticks and stones. So soon, however, as it had got to the water's edge it threw one of its long arms upon the arm of the boy nearest to it, and, to his and his playfellows' horror, began to drag him into the sea. The poor child struggled to get loose and screamed agonizingly, and some of the larger boys rushed to his aid, but too late. His body was almost instantly dragged out of sight.—*American paper.*

ALEXANDER DUMAS, who is famed for his quickness of repartee, on a late occasion was addressed by an innocent provincial, who had just been introduced to him, in the following language, staring him full in the face:—"Why, sir, surely you must be a mulatto?" "Yes, sir, I am." "Then," continued his loquacious interrogator, "your father, doubtless, was a negro?" "Most decidedly," was the answer. "Then pray, sir, what was your grandfather?" Dumas unhesitatingly replied—"Of the genus ape; so that my family began where, I observe (making a low bow), yours end."

THE CZAR AND THE GAMBLER.—The *Nouvelliste*, of Rouen, says that when the Emperor of Russia was at Hombourg this year he went into the gambling-rooms, and being tempted to try his luck at roulette, told his aide-de-camp to throw down a note of a hundred roubles upon the red. But the ball had scarcely begun to roll when the croupier, with his rake, roughly pushed away the Russian paper, observing that the bank did not take that sort of money. The aide-de-camp took it up without remonstrance, and the Czar, who most assuredly was not recognised by the croupier, went away without trying another experiment on the board of green cloth.

THE following Peers, it is reported, refused the Lord Lieutenantcy of Ireland:—The Duke of Devonshire, the Marquis of Lansdowne, Earl of Bessborough, Earl Granville, Earl of St. Germans, Lords Taunton, Houghton, Eversley, and Torrington.

A TRAIN ran off the line, on Saturday, near the Ballinasloe Station, when Mr. Glanville, a builder of that place, and Thomas Henry, in the service of the railway company, were killed, and about twenty others hurt, some six of them more or less seriously.

A WORKING Women's College was opened on Wednesday at 29, Queen-square, Bloomsbury, when Mrs. F. Malleon delivered the opening lecture.

THE chrysanthemums of the Temple Gardens are now blooming in perfection.

MR. ODELL, the barrister, who shot a bailiff about a month since at Rathmines, was tried last week, and acquitted on the ground of insanity.

"TOM THUMB" is about to visit England with his wife and child.

THE SAVOY CHAPEL.—Her Majesty has been pleased to approve of Mr. Sydney Smith's design for the restoration of the Chapel Royal, Savoy, which was burnt down last summer, and the work will be at once proceeded with at her Majesty's expense. Messrs. Myers & Son are the contractors. The council of King's College have offered to the chaplain of the Savoy the use of the chapel of the college for evening services on Sundays until the Savoy Chapel is restored. The first service will be held next Sunday, at 7.15 p.m.

LEEDS CHURCH EXTENSION FUND.—This fund now exceeds the sum of £48,000; and we trust there is no doubt that before the expiration of the six months, within which the secured £25,000 was to be raised, £50,000 will be obtained. The subscribers will shortly be convened to receive the report of the canvassing committee, and to organize the society.

THE CHURCH.

THE TRAINING OF THE CLERGY.

ONE of the most important subjects discussed at the Bristol Church Congress was the education and training of the clergy. It is next in importance to the question of supply, and most closely connected with it. If the Church of England is to hold her proper place in the affections of her people, and continue to take the lead in religious life of dissenting denominations, her ministers must keep pace in intelligence, in learning, and in aptitude for their work, as well as in religious zeal, with the advancing education of the laity. How this is to be done in the present circumstances of the Church, when loud complaints are being made of a falling off in the supply of candidates for her ministry, is no easy matter to determine. But the difficulty, notwithstanding, must be grappled with, and studied with most serious attention both by the bishops of the Church and the heads of our university theological schools. It may with truth be said that there is absolutely no real training anywhere of candidates for the ministry. Instruction in theology there is; but this is really only a small part of the training necessary to qualify a young man to take charge of a cure of souls. It is now universally acknowledged that the functions of an ordinary schoolmaster cannot be effectually discharged on a basis of mere knowledge without special training in the art of teaching. The educator of the youngest child must be prepared by practice in the ways of communicating knowledge before he can be fit to have that child entrusted to his care. How much more true must not this be as to the highest of all teaching offices—that of instructor in the way to eternal life? And yet, what we are most careful to provide for the humblest of parish schools—namely, a *trained* instructor—we fail to think of when a chief instructor is to be provided for that very parish in the most vital of its interests. It is absurd to suppose that the instruction given in even the best of our divinity schools is in this sense a training of the clergy. It is nothing more than the mere imparting of knowledge, and anything beyond that can scarcely be expected from such institutions. They are not in a position to train their students properly in pastoral work, or the preaching of sermons—the two most important branches of the duties of a clergyman. Besides, those who are acquainted with these schools as they are in practice, are aware how low is the standard of proficiency in theological attainments which is sufficient to save a divinity student from being plucked in the final examination for the testimonium which qualifies him for the ministry. With the smallest possible modicum of theological lore, the unripe Bachelor of Arts may issue forth to take care of souls, and preach crude and ill-composed sermons to men of the world—his superiors in age, experience, and wisdom.

Now, in the effort to remedy the evils of this state of things, the first difficulty which will be experienced is the impossibility of obtaining a unity of action of the Church. Though the Church in theory is one, yet in fact she is an aggregate of separate and virtually independent dioceses. As many as are the bishops, so many may be the diversities of opinion; and then can it be expected that the bishops will pull together in any one useful scheme for training the clergy? If they will not, there is no other course open but that each bishop should train his own clergy in his own diocese after his own peculiar fashion. But even this may not give satisfaction. The change from High Church to Low Church in the bishop of a diocese might upset all the arrangements in the diocesan clerical training school, and introduce an element of disagreeable instability into what should otherwise be a permanent national institution. The special nature of this difficulty may best be seen by comparing training for the Church with that for any other profession. At the bar, or in medicine, for instance, the leading principles of the profession are agreed on and fixed, and differences of opinion are in mere matters of detail; and, therefore, unity of action in the heads of the profession to train young barristers or physicians is a possibility. A similar unity of action would scarcely be possible between divines of the opposite schools of religious thought represented by the *Record* and the *Church Review*.

These are, however, only difficulties; they do in no wise prove that conjoint action is altogether impossible. There is still common ground on which bishops may meet, and in some degree promote the training of the clergy, if the proper supply of candidates will but permit them. Reserving the diocesan right of each bishop to train his own clergy as he chooses, why may they not all agree to adopt some curriculum of study and improvement to run through two stages, from deacon's to priest's orders, and from the latter to obtaining the position of a *licensed* curate? It is in the power of a bishop to prescribe the conditions on which he will admit a candidate to deacon's orders. This is one of the opportunities which he might turn to good account to the Church by appointing a proper curriculum of study, of which the composition of sermons should be a part. The second interval of the candidate's training, from deacons' to priests' orders, might be spent by the candidate priest in some large parish, affording a good opportunity for acquiring parochial experience under selected clergymen, whose business it should be to train him in pastoral work and in preaching. The deacon, in such case, should only be entitled to half the salary which he would receive afterwards, when he had obtained priest's orders. This would be but a right reduction of salary, as a compensation to the incumbent who had undertaken his training. It may be assumed that in every diocese

a sufficient number of incumbents could be found who would thus undertake the training of the nascent curates of the diocese. After obtaining priest's orders, the candidate should be entitled to the full amount of a curate's salary; but the bishop might fairly demand, that before the curate was entitled to his license and a fixed position in the diocese, he should pass through another curriculum of study and improvement, to be followed by a final examination; and that then only he should be considered a clergyman of his diocese in the fullest sense of the words. Of course, it is implied in all this that a curate who has passed through this process of training in any one diocese should be entitled to receive his license, on admission into a new diocese, on the same terms as licenses are at present granted. This is a point which should be agreed on by the bishops beforehand, and be, moreover, ratified by Convocation and Parliament. That such a scheme, if worked into practice, would produce much good we have no reason to doubt; but it is palpably open to one objection. The raising of the standard of qualification might tend further to diminish the present insufficient supply of curates. If so, the scheme is impracticable. But this raises another question, which on a future occasion we will consider.

THE IRISH CHURCH.

A FEW particulars in connection with the Irish branch of the Established Church are not unworthy of notice. Whatever be the advantages of private patronage, or its attendant evils in the sale of next presentations and a pecuniary traffic in souls, there is little of either in Ireland. An advertisement for the sale of a next presentation may occasionally be seen in Irish papers; but when it is, Irishmen look on it with the same curiosity that they would on a sprig of mistletoe or one of those toads which St. Patrick so effectually banished from their holy land. We have even heard of a clergyman, who had bought a presentation in an Irish diocese, being despised and shunned by his brother clergy as one who had committed no ordinary offence. The reason of all this is obvious. Private patronage in England absorbs more than half of the total number of English parishes, while in Ireland it extends to only a sixth part. There are, in round numbers, about 13,000 parishes and incumbencies in England; and of these about 7,000 are in private patronage. In Ireland there are about 12,000 incumbencies, but only 200 of them belong to private patrons. There are in England 500 parishes, in each of which the incumbent is the patron who has probably presented himself; while there are in Ireland only four parishes so circumstanced. The consequence is, that Irish bishops have *relatively* more patronage in their dioceses than English bishops have, and they therefore exercise more influence over their clergy. Not only is private patronage smaller, but Government, Cathedral, and College patronage is also relatively less than in England. Irish bishops, as a general rule, dispose of vacant incumbencies honestly, though in a degree according to the feelings of their respective parties, the principal of which are the Church Education Society and the supporters of the Irish Board of National Education. The present Archbishop of Armagh is well known to be, as his predecessor was, a most impartial dispenser of Church patronage; so that every able and earnest curate in his diocese may look forward, on the sole ground of merit, to a fair prospect of promotion. And the same holds good of many other Irish dioceses. There are, of course, instances of nepotism; for where is human episcopal nature free from the taint of this sin? One bishop has surrounded himself with sons-in-law fattening on the best livings in his gift; but this is the exception, and not the rule. The late Archbishop Whately, though his appointments were by no means the best, and were given almost always only to supporters of the Irish system of National Education, yet refused, until the latter years of his life, to give an incumbency to his own son, and apparently for no reason but that he *was* his son. In mentioning these facts, we do not desire to institute any comparison disadvantageous to the English Church. The Church in this country has its own peculiar excellencies, one of the not least remarkable of which is the prompt action it has taken in the Rationalist controversy, while the Irish Church has almost remained silent. The facts we mention are, however, interesting, and deserve to be kept in mind, not only as due to the Church in Ireland, but also as furnishing matter for consideration in the future discussion of questions bearing on the general interests of the Church in both countries.

THE CHURCH UNION ASSOCIATION.

WE observed, some time ago, that a union of the Churches of Christendom might be possible some two hundred years hence, but was not to be expected in the present century. So happy a stage in the progress of Christianity could only be attained by a sacrifice of particular doctrines by the respective Churches, for which they evidently are not yet prepared. The soundness of this opinion is now made practically manifest by the letter which the Pope has addressed to the Roman Catholic Bishops of this country, condemning the Association for Promoting the Unity of Christendom. The ground taken by the Pope is exactly what might have been expected. The Greek Church is schismatic, and the Protestant Church is heretic, and therefore they have no part in Rome. The attempt at unity proceeds altogether, in his Holiness's judgment, on the false notion that "the true Church of Jesus Christ consists

partly of the Roman Catholic Church propagated and diffused through the world, partly of the Photian schism, and the English heresy, to which, equally with the Roman Catholic Church, there is one Lord, one faith, one baptism." In this opinion, we think, the Pope is perfectly consistent. It is the fundamental principle of Romanism that the Pope is the infallible Vicegerent of God on earth, and that salvation outside the Church of which he is head is impossible. As long as this dogma is believed by a large section of Christendom, a union with sections which do not believe it is impossible. To ask a Roman Catholic to enter into Christian union with a Greek or a Protestant is to ask him to disclaim this principle. If ever a union of the Churches is attained, it will be by the sacrifice of the infallibility of the Pope. But, to pass by the Pope, the difficulties which would attend an attempted union of the Greek and Protestant Churches alone would be next to impossible. The differences are yet too great, and the general religious cultivation of the human mind has not yet reached that point in which the necessary sacrifices of prejudice to truth could be made. If ever there be a unity of Christendom, the steps by which it will be reached will not be over the beaten paths of Protestantism, Catholicism, or the Greek Church, but by all religions tending in the cause of truth, and through the conquest of early prejudices, to a common centre, in the great cardinal truths of Christianity. How far the time for so glorious a state of things is, is manifest from the difficulties which in the present day attend the union of even Protestant denominations.

"A RIGHTEOUS REBUKE."

How strange are the extremes of religious opinion, even in journalism! The *Church Review*, a well-known ultra-High Church organ, narrates, with much apparent satisfaction, under the above title, a scene which lately took place in St. George's Church, Liverpool. The incumbent of this church is the Rev. Thomas Kelly, a clergyman evidently from his name of Irish extraction, and imbued, as most Irish Protestant clergymen are, with evangelical notions and a strong antipathy to Romanism. The *Church Review* describes this clergyman—we are not aware on what grounds—as "a noted Irish Protestant agitator." It is clear that Mr. Kelly is not in any sense a political agitator. The agitation in which he delights must be agitation against Romanism and those Puseyite views which it is the duty of ultra-High Church organs to commend. Of this Mr. Kelly the *Church Review* proceeds to say, that "he was commencing his sermon when, from behind one of the gallery screens, a shrill female voice, in the most deliberate manner, and without betraying any excitement, interrupted the preacher by saying,—'*And hath given power and commandment to His ministers to declare and pronounce to His people, being penitent, the absolution and remission of their sins*;' and then added, 'WHICH YOU DENY TO A DYING WOMAN.'" The falsehood of the lady's imputation is too palpable to be worthy of refutation. The form of absolution in the service for "The Visitation of the Sick" is not compulsory on clergymen. Mr. Kelly, therefore, very properly, took no notice of the eccentric lady's words, beyond looking up to the gallery and saying, "Please close that door." We presume the reverend gentleman alluded to the "door of the lips." The *Church Review* remarks on the incident:—"We sincerely hope that these words, thrilling as they must have been from the circumstances under which they were spoken, may ring ceaselessly in the ears of the faithless priest who, if the charge be true, has so miserably neglected to exercise the stewardship committed to him, and may lead all his congregation seriously to meditate whether the proverb of the blind lead the blind, &c., may not apply to them." If this be not Puseyism with a vengeance, we know not what is.

PROPOSED ROMAN CATHOLIC COLLEGE AT OXFORD.—Although various statements have been made by the press in reference to the site of the old Oxford workhouse, we understand there is now no doubt of the use for which it is intended, as Dr. Newman has become its purchaser, and a Roman Catholic college and establishment will be shortly erected thereon. When the workhouse land was bought, a few weeks ago, by the late Mr. Ambrose Smith, it was currently rumoured it was intended for a Roman Catholic college; but such was not really the case at that time, although the matter was subsequently taken up by influential parties, and negotiations have resulted in the site being transferred to Dr. Newman for £8,400, being an advance of £400 upon the original purchase-money. Dr. Newman, who was formerly Fellow of Oriel College and Vicar of St. Mary's, Oxford, was closely identified with "Tracts for the Times," and was one of the earliest perverts of his party from the Church of England. It is stated this eminent scholar will be at the head of affairs at Oxford. The site of the old workhouse comprises upwards of five acres, situated in a central and healthy part of Oxford, viz., between Walton-place and St. Giles. Several Roman Catholics have been in residence at Oxford, and the son of Mr. Serjeant Shee has only this term commenced a course of study at Christ Church. There are six other Roman Catholics also in residence at Oxford.—*Daily News*.

GLASGOW CATHEDRAL.—The series of painted windows which are now being erected in this ancient and venerable edifice promises, as a work of art of the highest order, to mark an era in Church decoration. There are now eighty-one windows, which have been erected within the last eight years, those in the nave representing events of the Old Testament, and those in the choir the Parables of our Lord. Twelve more are in course of preparation, besides two lately allocated. The object is, as was stated by the Hon. Mr. Cowper, First Commissioner

of her Majesty's Works on the late occasion of the presentation of these windows to her Majesty and the nation, "to get high art and the best art." Therefore the windows have been obtained from Munich, where there is a school of painters, in close connection with a glass manufactory, who have given to this department of art the most devoted study. The committee which is making arrangements for filling St. Paul's Cathedral with glass are carefully studying these Glasgow windows, and intend obtaining the glass from the same manufactory.

THE BISHOP OF HURON AMONG THE INDIANS.—The Bishop of Huron has lately been holding some interesting Confirmation Services. In the Mohawk and Tuscarora Indian Missions, a few miles from the flourishing town of Brantford, under the care of the Revs. A. Nelles, A. Elliott, and R. J. Roberts, his Lordship confirmed seventy-five—all but fifteen of whom were Indians, and, apparently, we are told, duly impressed with the solemnity of the service in which they were engaged. The same tribes also held a large temperance meeting, in which the speeches, some of them by pagans, were fluent and feeling; after which they had an abundant and well-cooked dinner, at which some of their white friends were present, and greatly gratified. The Bishop, on another occasion, held a large Confirmation in the village of Mitchell, at which fifty-four persons were confirmed, all of whom (save three), with about thirty others, immediately received the Holy Communion. Mitchell is in a somewhat new part of the country, between Stratford and Goderich, and has only had a clergyman about four years, in which time a church has been built, a clergyman chiefly maintained, and one hundred and fifty confirmed, and a very respectable choir organized. In the afternoon there was a sort of tea-party, at which his Lordship, who had preached and addressed the candidates in the morning, gave another earnest address on Missions in Canada.

THE BISHOP OF RIPON AND THE "APPARITION."—The Bishop of Ripon occupied the chair at the anniversary of the Huddersfield Church Institute, on Monday last, and, after speaking upon the co-operation necessary between the clergy and laity, he proceeded to make the following observations:—"Certain parts of the country had been visited of late by what some had termed 'an apparition.' (Laughter.) That apparition (Father Ignatius) had appeared of late in Leeds. There was one sentiment which this apparition uttered whenever it had the opportunity of speaking, and that sentence was, 'The parochial system of the Church of England has failed.' Because that parochial system was so said to have failed, therefore it was said they must go back to the dark ages of monkery and superstition, and establish monasteries for the purpose of doing that which the parochial system of the Church of England, it was alleged, was unequal to do. He simply alluded to this for the purpose of saying that he denied altogether that the parochial system of the Church of England had failed."

WORCESTER CATHEDRAL RESTORATION.—We have heard that the Ecclesiastical Commissioners have contributed £2,000 towards the fund for the restoration of the cathedral, which fund now, therefore, amounts to about £19,000 towards the required £30,000. The works of the new contract have been commenced by the erection of scaffolding around the northern porch, and the removal of the small tenement, or porter's lodge, close by, which was a very unsightly encumbrance. The porch is in a very dilapidated state, but will constitute a beautiful feature when restored.—*Worcester Herald*.

WE are informed on credible authority that the bishops of the Roman Catholic Church in England are divided as to the wisdom of the recent Papal rescript or letter of the Holy Office. Some, instigated by those who have left the Church of England, have been urged to approve of the step, being apparently willing to give the fullest play to the policy of Dr. Manning's party; others—and we believe it is no secret to mention Cardinal Wiseman and Bishop Browne of Newport as of the number—are said to regret that the mere praying for unity should have been characterized as "sinful," or that the Association for Promoting the Unity of Christendom should ever have been condemned.—*Churchman*.

STAINED GLASS WINDOWS IN PARIS.—The city of Paris lately voted a sum of 66,000 francs for the repair of the stained-glass windows in the churches of the capital. The work will be shortly commenced at St. Germain-l'Auxerrois, St. Eustache, St. Gervaise, St. Sulpice, and St. Etienne-du-mont.—*Galignani*.

CONDITIONS OF SUFFRAGE IN NATAL.—A bill relieving natives who have complied with certain conditions and renounced heathenism from the operation of native law has been passed. No native is to be allowed to exercise the franchise who has not availed himself of the foregoing new law for twelve years. This law is intended to save the colony from being swamped by ignorant, savage, and virtually irresponsible voters.—*Natal Mercury*.

"SISTERS OF NOTRE DAME."—It is stated that a community of religious ladies, named "Sisters of Notre Dame," are about to establish themselves in Norwich, in order to teach the children and young ladies belonging to St. John's Chapel and the Roman Catholic Chapel in Willow-lane. They have been sent from Belgium by Lord Stafford's sister, the widow of the Hon. Edward Petre, who died some years ago.

CHURCH OF ST. MICHAEL'S IN MARSEILLES.—A Gothic church, dedicated to St. Michael, has just been terminated at Marseilles, and opened to public worship. It is the finest ecclesiastical edifice in that city. The stained-glass windows of the choir are particularly beautiful.

THE GREEK CHURCH IN CORFU.—A letter from Corfu states that the English garrison chapel there has just been converted into a Greek church, under the title of the church of St. George.

MOVEMENT TOWARDS CHRISTIAN UNITY.—It is stated that several Eastern ecclesiastics are expected in England in the early part of next year. They come, commissioned by the Synod of Moscow, to make definite inquiries regarding the present position of the Church of England, with a view to restored intercommunion.

FINE ARTS.

TWELFTH ANNUAL WINTER EXHIBITION OF CABINET PICTURES AT THE FRENCH GALLERY.

THE exhibition opened to the public on Monday, but of which we had a "private view" on Saturday,—both from the moderate number of the works brought together and their generally good quality, will be found extremely pleasant to visit. It contains no really bad picture, but, on the contrary, some dozen or twenty works, out of the two hundred and odd exhibited, that are specially noticeable, the rest being more or less worth looking at. For ourselves, the point of attraction has been a small, low-toned picture, that might be passed almost unobserved by loungers unacquainted with the admirable qualities that distinguish all the works of its painter. The picture to which we refer is by Edouard Frère; it is entitled "The Writing Lesson," and numbered 3 in the catalogue. A slender and somewhat delicate-looking little peasant-girl, about nine or ten years of age—one might imagine that she has grown almost too rapidly—is represented in the act of copying some lines from a lesson-book. It is a subject that any young lady painter might have chosen to make a picture of. Webster would have painted it daintily, Millais would have caught half the sentiment belonging to it, and treated it in some manner that would have produced in the spectator more of astonishment than pleasure; but we can remember no one on the name-roll of English or foreign art, besides Pierre Edouard Frère, who could have painted this delightful little work in the manner that now calls forth our admiration. In all the pictures of this great painter there are to be found clear evidences of the spirit which has ruled over their production, and which may be named in one word—sympathy. All that is external to the character of this little girl a dozen other English and French painters could have rendered nearly as well as Edouard Frère himself, but no other painter could so thoroughly have identified himself with the inner sentiment, the living emotion, belonging to it. We look upon the face of this eager child as equal in expression to the lovely face of the woman in Millais's picture of "The Huguenot,"—a world of difference in the character of the motions depicted, notwithstanding. An example from which English art may gain inestimable advantage seems to us to be presented by the practice of Edouard Frère, though the present is, perhaps, not the best occasion for saying so. We shall be satisfied if these brief remarks of ours lead any of our painters to examine more attentively than they might otherwise have done the tiny picture of which we have been speaking. Another work in this collection (190), by W. G. Orchardson, entitled "The Challenge—a Puritan's Struggle between Honour and Conscience," is sure to command attention, and almost equally sure to win admiration. In choice of subject and treatment it is the boldest and most original in the exhibition. At first sight it may suggest comparison with John Gilbert's works, in our own mind it called up recollections of Gustave Doré's vigorous drawing. But we are convinced that Mr. Orchardson is trusting to his own means, and we shall be greatly disappointed if his present picture proves to be nothing more than a "lucky hit." There are only three figures introduced, and the canvass is of small dimensions, but the painting is *large*, and of excellent quality almost throughout. The prominent object is the figure of a cavalier—a rakish, out of fortune-looking personage—presenting a written challenge on the point of his outstretched sword to a stubborn-browed Roundhead, who is prevented from accepting the cartel by the interference and exhortation of a Puritan priest. Nobody can mistake the story, and the direct mode of telling it will instantly commend itself. Into each of his characters the painter has felt strongly, and thus has invested them with real human interest, which after all, perhaps, is the most important, if not the highest quality of art. By all means let him follow the path on which he has set out with such a firm step. The open doors of the school of marionette painting have already tempted too many of our young men; we are heartily glad to see one with resolution sufficient to withstand the temptation. Mr. W. M. Egle is one of those who have not had Mr. Orchardson's courage. The picture of his here exhibited (9) seems to us to go scarcely beyond the lay figure and the popular history-book for its inspiration. It is intended to represent Marguerite d'Angoulême and the Emperor Charles V. visiting Francis I. during the time he was lying sick and a prisoner at Madrid. From Miss Freer's "Life of Marguerite d'Angoulême," the painter gives the details of the internal fittings and decorations of the sick chamber, and these he paints with untiring industry. But while he is thus employed, he isolates himself entirely from all sympathy with the drama which his characters are acting, and which he therefore represents void of life and sentiment. The great technical skill visible in every part of his covered canvass is only an offence to art, which demands a higher devotion than mere laboriousness. Mr. E. M. Ward's picture (39), "The Dauphiness, Daughter of Louis XVI., and Robespierre in the Prison of the Temple," satisfies us only a little more than the last-named picture. Except such sentiment as commonly belongs to the beauty of youth, we can find none in the figure of the young dauphiness—that is to say, none of the special kind demanded by the nature of the subject of which she is the central point of interest. In mere painting this picture is as good as any hitherto exhibited by Mr. E. M. Ward, and as forcible in effect. As an example of a well-studied picture, Mr. J. Morgan's (178) "Raising a Church-rate," is worth careful examination. It is a

work of great promise, recommending itself to our particular liking less on account of the shrewd discrimination of character which it shows than for the way in which the main interest of the scene represented is brought out. Two pictures by Mr. G. D. Leslie (33 and 48), the first entitled "The Flower and the Leaf," the other, "The Third Volume," are both noticeable pictures—both indicating real power in the painter not well regulated. Mr. F. Goodall has two pictures one (70), a very small copy of his well-known "Felice Ballarin reciting Tasso to the People of Chioggia;" the other (95), a splendidly-painted eastern scene, called, "The Song of the Nubian Slave," full of feeling. Why Mr. W. C. T. Dobson, R.A., should call his picture (65), "Near a Brook, through the Forest of Bohemia," we are at a loss to understand—the two children represented having as much likeness to the peasant-children of Bohemia as they have to those of the natives of Behring's Straits. Otherwise this picture has all the merits of Mr. Dobson's super-refined style, and, in point of colouring, is extremely beautiful. The rendering of the metal water-vessel is very remarkable. Respecting the landscape-pictures we need only make a few general remarks—they have most of them, we believe, been exhibited before. Those that will first attract and best repay attention are those by the elder Linnell—glorious specimens; in comparison with the sunny life-like look of which all the surrounding works appear tame and cold, and merely paint. A very small picture (1), "The Corn-Field," is the only contribution of a landscape-painter of whom we have great hopes—Mr. Vicat Cole; whose fine picture in the last Great Exhibition will not have been forgotten. Mr. T. W. Hulme has sent three or four pictures, all marked by the prettiness which distinguishes his works, but with which we have no sympathy. No exhibition like the present could be made up without a specimen or two of Mr. T. S. Cooper's works; naturally, therefore, there are one or two of his pictures here—"Cattle and Sheep Reposing," of course—excellent "Sidney Coopers."

The visitor to the new gallery of the Institute of Painters in Water Colours, in which this Exhibition is given, will not have gone many steps before being attracted by the glow of a superb "Linnell" (21), entitled "The Travellers," one of two pictures contributed by our greatest living landscape painter, and exemplifying all the higher characteristics of his power. Within sight, on the same walls, there are several pictures by his two sons, James and William, which, apart from their independent merits, are highly interesting as evidences of the influence of the elder Linnell's style and method. We see here, in fact, the works of a school, the master's and the scholars' side by side, and at once perceive that this school must be a grand one to lead to the production of such pictures. How far it would be desirable, in the interest of art, to extend the influence of this school is open to question. In the case of the Linnells, there is their obvious blood-relationship, with all the possibilities of resemblance as to character to be taken into account. Apart from their method of working, undoubtedly derived from their father, the style of the younger Linnells may be perfectly natural to them; whereas, to other students, it could only be of adoption. At any rate, the pictures produced by this family of painters are worthy of being carefully studied by all students of landscape painting who have enough strength of character to resist the temptation of copying their style without fathoming the principles on which it is founded. Besides these pictures of the Linnells, there are a number of very good landscapes in the collection, all more or less characteristic of their painters' styles. There is a capital interior by David Roberts (132), "The Chapel of St. Norbert and Augustin, Church of St. Jean, Caen." Mr. Sidney R. Cooper has four pictures of cattle and sheep, at which we can only look, and admire how successfully the painter repeats himself. Mr. Creswick has one picture, in all respects Creswickian. Mr. E. Hargill, a very young painter we believe, has two promising pictures, one (70) "The Dargle, co. Wicklow," painted with a breadth and solidity far from common, even in the works of more practised painters. Mr. E. Hayes, of the Irish Academy, sends four works, full of good painting and knowledge of nature, but injured by artificiality of treatment, especially with regard to their composition. The two pictures exhibited by Mr. George Stanfield (137 and 139), "The Tower of Mount Alban, Amsterdam," and "The Castle of Chillon, Lake of Geneva," afford good examples of imitative style; the painter has looked at nature for his subject, and studied the works of his father for his method of treating them. In the one picture which he exhibits (164), "San Georgio Maggiore, Venice," Mr. J. B. Pyne give signs of being on the way to free himself from the chalky quality observable in his colouring latterly. Turning to the figure subjects, we may point out some half-dozen of those more particularly noticeable. Foremost of these is one by John Phillip, R.A. (68), "Pepita," a half-length figure of a Spanish beauty, daring and brilliant in colour, almost beyond description. Mr. and Mrs. Ward are represented each by one work, the first by (114) "The Death of Montrose," a literal copy on a small scale of his well-known fresco; the second (36), "The Princes in the Tower," which, while bearing the closest likeness, in point of style, to the work of her husband, is distinctly marked by original power. The pictures of Mr. Alexander Johnson always seem to us to fall short of the capabilities of their painter; his treatment of the subject of his present work (127), "Robin Adair," is extremely graceful; it has real sentiment, but it wants intensity—seems to have been put under restraint. "The Fern Gatherer" (75), is an excellent specimen of Mr. W. C. T. Dobson's style, in many respects admirable, and only needing the

guidance of a most masculine spirit to make it thoroughly so. A number of less important works than those at which we have here glanced are worthy of attention, and will not be passed unnoticed by the lover of pictures. Indeed, upon the whole, the present exhibition is an extremely interesting one, and ought to find favour with the public.

MUSIC.

THE chief musical event of importance during the last fortnight has been the production of Mr. Macfarren's "Helvellyn" by the Royal English Opera Company on Thursday last. For the present we must be content with merely recording the fact, reserving our notice of the work until next week. The previous performances at this establishment have consisted of alternations of "Masaniello" and "Martha"—in the former work, Mr. Charles Adams and Madame Parepa being the chief attractions; in the latter opera, Mr. Henry Haigh and Madame Lemmens-Sherrington sustaining the principal characters. On Tuesday the part of Elvira, in "Masaniello," was transferred from Madame Parepa to Miss Florella Illingworth, a *débutante* of whom we may, perhaps, have future occasion to speak. Whatever the merits of these artists, they are scarcely sufficient to counteract the monotony of such a reiteration of two operas, only one of which possesses any great intrinsic musical value; and, accordingly, the want of a fresh interest was beginning to be strongly felt. How far Mr. Macfarren's new work is likely to supply this void remains for future consideration.

The fortnight's performance of operas in Italian at Her Majesty's Theatre terminates to-night. There has been nothing in the programme to call for special notice beyond the appearance of Signor Gardoni as Faust, and as Florestan in "Fidelio;" in both of which that artist, if not very forcible and impassioned, is at least refined and graceful. Of Mdle. Titiens' Margaret and Mr. Santley's Valentine, there is no occasion to add to the praise bestowed on those performances during the past season. Mdle. Grossi as Siebel and Signor Bossi as Mephistopheles, although not equal to former representatives of the parts, are by no means unsatisfactory. Of Mdle. Titiens as Fidelio, there is also no need to repeat our former encomiums. The small parts of Jacquinio and Marcellina were well sustained by Mr. Swift and Mdle. Sinico—while Mr. Santley, by his splendid musical declamation, elevates Pizarro to an importance seldom realized by the representatives of that character. The Rocco of Signor Bossi and the Minister of Signor Casaboni, if scarcely worthy of the rest of the cast, were at least respectable. With to-night this short and somewhat capriciously timed series terminates.

On Monday next the house opens for a winter season, under the management of Mr. Harrison. The programme issued by this gentleman promises well. The company is to include, besides Miss Louisa Pyne, Madame Kenneth, and several other first appearances. Mr. Sims Reeves and Mr. Swift head the list of tenors; and Mr. Santley and Mr. Marchesi, with other basses and barytones, some to be heard here for the first time, make up an array of vocal strength. The orchestra and chorus are to be "almost identical with those employed at Her Majesty's Theatre during the regular Italian season;" and as Signor Arditi is also retained as conductor, there can be little doubt of efficiency in these departments. Of the operas to be produced, the prospectus speaks but indefinitely, simply promising "new works by English and foreign composers;" among the latter, however, rumour says may possibly be included M. Mermet's "Roland à Roncevaux," which has recently met with such success at the Paris Grand Opera. It seems to be intended to commence the evening's performances with a farce or other short dramatic piece to fill up the time until the arrival of the purely musical portion of the audience, who come merely for the opera—and, as at Covent Garden, pantomime is to be added to the other attractions. We cannot but think that this jumble of dissimilar features, appealing to such opposite tastes and intelligences, is a mistake in an entertainment claiming a special artistic purpose. "La Traviata" is the opera announced for Monday, for the first appearance of Madame Kenneth.

The Crystal Palace Winter Concerts maintain the interest which has long rendered these Saturday entertainments so worthily distinguished. One of the most interesting programmes was that of Saturday last, when two special attractions were offered in the first performance of a symphony by Gounod and a new violin concerto by Vieuxtemps. Although the orchestral symphony may be said to have originated (in its modern form), as it certainly has been perfected, in Germany, the French nation is by no means unrepresented in this school of musical art. Méhul, Gossec, Cherubini (who, notwithstanding his Italian origin, was French by adoption) and Reber, have all produced symphonies more or less worthy of consideration, some of which, indeed, are surpassed by the later works of Gounod. There are, we believe, three or four symphonies by this composer, the second in E flat being that selected at the Crystal Palace concert. In the first movement of this work the composer has evidently been influenced by Beethoven's "Eroica" symphony and "Egmont" overture; and there is consequently a want of individuality, a mixture of schools and styles, which leaves a confused impression. The principal motive is characterless, and wants definite prominence; but the episode is charming, full of that streaming melody which so largely pervades the composer's opera, "Faust." The "Larghetto" movement is based on a theme largely resembling the well-known strain for wind

instruments in Weber's overture, "Ruler of the Spirits." The embellishments of violin passages are full of fancy and elegance. The "Scherzo" contains nothing very new or remarkable; and the finale, while full of brightness and vivacity, is prolonged beyond its powers to interest, and occasionally brings to mind some one's description of gothic architecture as being "full of passages which lead to nothing." The symphony, however, if deficient in power of treatment, is throughout so graceful and refined, so charmingly instrumented, and so entirely the work of a conscientious artist as to be thoroughly welcome—still we think his symphony in D, especially the last movement, more largely represents both the composer's individuality and nationality. The new concerto of M. Vieuxtemps is an ambitious attempt at a grandeur of style and dignity of thought which it requires a genius of much larger calibre than his to realize. With some clever instrumentation and much brilliant passage writing, there is, however, a general effect of stilted inflation, and a purposeless display of executive mechanism which soon become wearisome to the hearer. The manifold difficulties of the work were vigorously accomplished by Herr L. Ries, who went bravely through his long task of laborious fiddling with much skill, but small effect on his audience.

The Sacred Harmonic Society has put forth its announcement for its thirty-third season, to commence "about the end of November." Of course, Mr. Costa's new oratorio, "Naaman," recently produced at the Birmingham festival, is to be given here, and we are also promised "the introduction of some of the less-known oratorios and other compositions of the great masters." It is to be hoped this promise will be kept, as the society has of late somewhat slumbered on its reiterations of a few well-worn oratorios.

THE LONDON THEATRES.

THE revival of "The Stranger," at the Haymarket Theatre, not only gives Mdle. Beatrice—the Italian-French actress—an opportunity of appearing in a character of her own selection, to which she is able to do fair justice, but it opportunely draws attention to a class of drama which is more enduring than the sensational or the panoramic. "The Stranger" is a good example of that kind of German play which succeeds wholly by its sentiment and its simplicity. With no strong incidents, with much stilted language, and with a subject that would be intensely disagreeable, if not treated with great delicacy, this play has kept its ground for nearly seventy years, while scores of stirring melodramas have been acted and forgotten. No matter where or how it is played, it is always attractive to a mixed audience, and in this respect it largely resembles Mozenthal's "Deborah," or "Leah." We have seen very poor versions of the latter play, acted by wretched actors in very wretched theatres, but always before audiences who listened breathlessly to every word. The moral of "The Stranger" is one which goes home at once to the highest and the lowest. It shows how difficult it is to break family ties, when those ties are strengthened by children. A story based upon such a moral never loses its intense human interest, however old-fashioned may be its treatment.

Kotzebue is chiefly known in this country by "The Stranger" and "Pizarro;" but while the latter drama, adapted by the brilliant Sheridan, embellished with much music, and filled with political clap-trap, is practically dead, the former exists with all its original vitality. Mr. Charles Kean made a dashing attempt at the Princess's to revive "Pizarro," but his efforts were not successful. Both plays started in their English form about the same time. "Pizarro" was produced at Drury Lane, May 24, 1799, with John Philip Kemble, Charles Kemble, Suett, Mrs. Siddons, and Mrs. Jordan, in the chief characters, having been preceded by "The Stranger," which was produced at the same theatre, Feb. 24, 1798, with John Philip Kemble as the Stranger, and Mrs. Siddons as Mrs. Haller. Suett played Peter, and John Palmer Baron Steinfort. The adapter of the play, whose name is now forgotten, was Benjamin Thompson, a gentleman who went to Germany to study the language. While there he became so enamoured of the beauties of Kotzebue, that he translated and altered "Misanthropy and Repentance," and forwarded it to Drury Lane, under the title of "The Stranger." Mr. Thompson translated and adapted twenty other German plays; but, oddly enough, none of them keep the stage except this—his first production. Several other versions of "Misanthropy and Repentance" were made by different writers, but none of them appear to have forced their way into the theatre.

Mdle. Beatrice's performance of Mrs. Haller at the Haymarket, in this last revival of "The Stranger," is distinguished by all her natural delicacy and refinement. If there are few points in her acting worthy of enthusiastic praise, there is not one—except a vulgar back fall at the end of the fourth act—which requires any critical reproof. The lower part of her face, as we have said before, is too pinched up; her mouth is too contracted to give full effect to strong emotions, and she wants just that amount of passion and feeling required to make a great actress. All she does is ladylike and full of sensibility, and she well earned the warm and discriminating applause which greeted her performance. The play was acted by the Haymarket company in good traditional style—a respect for old usages even extending to costumes which have now become ridiculous. Mr. Howe played the Stranger, Mr. Chippendale, Solomon; Mr. Compton, Peter; and Mr. W. Farren, Francis. The original song—"I have a silent sorrow here," was admirably sung by Miss Louise Keeley.

A new play is being prepared at the Haymarket Theatre for Mdlle. Beatrice, which is adapted from Mozenoth's "Der Sonnenwendhof," by Mr. J. V. Bridgman. The same play has furnished the libretto of Mr. G. A. Macfarren's new opera, "Helvellyn."

Mr. Palgrave Simpson's new play of "Sybilla; or, Step by Step," produced at the St. James's Theatre last Saturday, is by far the best production of this clever and fertile dramatist. It is almost as perfect in construction as Alexandre Dumas's "Mlle. de Belle Isle," and is far more agreeable in subject. Though the plot turns upon coquetry and gallantry, the gallantry is defeated, and the coquetry is sanctioned by a high moral purpose. Sybilla is a young girl of great personal attractions, whose father has been wrongfully imprisoned by political enemies, and to obtain his release she apparently devotes herself to the life of an adventuress. She takes service as a barmaid at a tavern near Copenhagen (the story is laid in Denmark in the last century), and here she contrives to attract the attention of the Danish Minister and Secretary, the enemies of her father. The old Secretary yields first to her blandishments, and she leaves the tavern to go with him to Copenhagen. Once established at the Government offices, she puts herself in the way of the Minister, and soon induces him to raise her a step higher. When removed to the ministerial apartments, she soon succeeds in attracting the attention of the young King, who is jealously guarded by both Minister and Secretary. The Minister is now thrown over for royalty, as the Secretary was thrown over for the Minister, and by several clever contrivances Sybilla succeeds in proving her father's enemies to be traitors, and in obtaining possession of forged documents which prove his innocence. The dramatist has not only shown great talent in the construction of this play, but great delicacy in treating a somewhat difficult subject. Sybilla is never allowed to commit herself in any of her equivocal positions, and she is guarded, to some extent, by a youthful brother, and an honest half-comic lover. Mrs. Charles Mathews plays Sybilla—a character originally written to order for Miss Reynolds of the Haymarket—with great tact and force. The coquetry of the part is not only represented with natural skill, but the various shades of coquetry are very nicely distinguished. The old Secretary, for example, is vanquished by coarser arts than those brought to bear upon the Minister, and the King is tamed in a more refined way still. The performance is marked by much true feeling, and we are inclined to regard it as one of Mrs. Mathews's most satisfactory efforts. It is not marred by much grimacing, and it indicates that her skill is being tempered by judgment. The play was fairly acted, and fairly put upon the stage. The chief male characters were represented by Mr. Charles Mathews, Mr. Frank Matthews, Mr. Ashley, and Mr. Robinson. No other lady is in the piece except Mrs. Charles Mathews.

Mrs. Stirling has reappeared at the Adelphi Theatre as the mother-in-law in the comedieta of "Hen and Chickens." That startling novelty the "Colleen Bawn" is announced as being in preparation at this house.

The Olympic Theatre is once more opened—this time under the new and promising management of Mr. Horace Wigan. Many much-needed improvements have been made in the front of the house. The architectural lines of the building will always prevent any manager making it a brilliant theatre without reconstructing it; but Mr. Horace Wigan has done much with tasteful decoration, and it now looks clean and cheerful. The prevailing colour is a light crimson. Several judicious alterations have been made in the seats calculated to increase the comfort of the audience, and the chandelier in the ceiling is now screened with ground glass. A new Grecian act-drop has been painted, and the scenery, without being as solid as Mr. Fechter's, is quite as elaborate and effective.

The chief piece provided for the opening night on Wednesday was an adaptation, in four acts, of "L'Aïeule," a play in five acts and six tableaux, by MM. Ad. D'Ennery and Charles Edmond, first produced at the Ambigu Comique, Oct. 17, 1863.

This adaptation, which we believe is by four "eminent hands," is called the "Hidden Hand," and one or two alterations have been made in the incidents. The piece belongs to what we may call the arsenical school, and it reminds us in spirit, if not in story, of Mr. Wilkie Collins's "Red Vial." The interest of this drama is strong but repulsive—French to the marrow, and smelling of the doctor's shop. When we are not treated to prolonged scenes in sick-rooms, where the paralyzed hand of an old woman, rendered ghastly by the lime-light, is thrust from between the folds of some heavy tapestry in a gloomy mansion, to pour poison into the medicine-glass of a sick girl, we have the fag-end of an intrigue, in which a mother and daughter are in love with the same man, and a dissipated husband becomes repentant because he is nearly "used up." There is an old Welsh shepherd—half idiot, half savage—who talks at times like a weak-minded Caliban, and nothing relieves the gloom of the play except a few love-passages between two cousins. The horrors are not justified, as they are in the Elizabethan drama, by any strength of passion, as the characters are all weakly-coloured, French stage-puppets.

The acting was excellent in some parts, and very bad in others. Miss Kate Terry, as a neglected wife, has a character into which she throws all her intellectual force and intensity; Mr. Henry Neville, as a repentant rake, acts with judgment in a somewhat heavy part; and Miss Lydia Foote acts with strength and feeling as a good-hearted girl. A very important character in the piece—an old grandmother, whose diseased love for a grand-daughter turns her into a secret poisoner—is given to Miss Bowring, who made her first appearance at this theatre. She must make herself

look much older. Mr. H. Coghlan either despises or misinterprets an important part, the only light part in the piece; and Mr. G. Vincent evidently has no faith in his character, the old shepherd. The play is beautifully put upon the stage, and is adapted with literary skill.

A comedieta, called "The Girl I left Behind Me,"—adapted by Mr. Oxenford from A. Dumas's "L'Invitation à la Valse,"—preceded the drama; and a wild farce, adapted by Mr. M. Morton, called "My Wife's Bonnet," followed it. The latter piece opened with an old stage trick—a row in one of the boxes and in the front of the house. Mr. J. G. Taylor, the new low comedian, does not appear to be very promising, but we ought, perhaps, to reserve our opinion until we see him in a good character. He grimaces too much, and has all the restless activity of a bad comic singer at a music-hall. There were at least ten first appearances on Wednesday night amongst the company, and none of them, with the exception of Miss Kate Terry, were very striking.

Bad things naturally encourage the growth of each other. The Davenport imposition has given birth to a new form of the Anderson humbug. The Davenports charge a guinea a-head at the Hanover Square Rooms for what they call a "preternatural séance," and Professor Anderson is now emboldened to ask one guinea, ten shillings, five shillings, and half-a-crown a-head for what he calls an "anti-spiritualistic *matinée*." The rival showmen play into each other's hands, but the skill of the Davenports, though dishonestly exhibited under false pretences, is worth more as a spectacle than Professor Anderson's clumsy impudence. Mr. Tolmaque is now in the field as a professed rival of the Davenports, at St. Martin's Hall, and "Captain" Redmond, another rival, has been engaged by the proprietors of the London Pavilion Music Hall, and also by Mr. E. T. Smith for Astley's Theatre.

The approaching opening of Her Majesty's Theatre may be noted in this column, because Mr. Harrison has engaged four more or less known actresses—Miss Romer, Miss E. Bufton, Miss Furtado, and Miss Cotterell. Miss Romer and Miss Furtado belong to musical families, and have had a musical training, but the other ladies are more familiar with burlesque than operatic singing.

Offenbach's "Orphée aux Enfers," the best comic operetta, perhaps, ever produced, has at last found its way to this country, and is creditably performed at the Oxford Music Hall, of course, without theatrical appliances. The time cannot be far distant when we shall have an operetta house on the model of the Bouffes Parisiens. Mr. Henderson, of Liverpool, has given up his idea of taking Burford's Panorama, in Leicester-square, for this purpose, and Mr. Sefton Parry, of the Greenwich Theatre, we believe, is negotiating for the property.

MR. HERBERT, R.A., left England for the East on Saturday last. It is his intention, it is said, to remain there some months, with a view to collect materials for the execution of other works of a similar character to that which has excited so much admiration in the Peers' Robing Room. Mr. Herbert is accompanied by his son, Wilfred, who is an artist.

THE National Portrait Gallery will be closed from the 7th to the 30th instant.

MR. CIPRIANI POTTER has been elected chairman of the committee of the Mendelssohn Scholarship Fund, to succeed Sir George Smart, who has resigned, in consequence of delicacy of health.

LITZ has left Paris, after leaving in the hands of Prince Poniatowski the score of a grand mass composed some years ago for a cathedral in Hungary, and which will probably be brought out this winter at the concerts organizing by M. Félicien David.

THE "Phormio" of Terence will be the Westminster play this year.

SCENE IN A THEATRE.—An extraordinary scene of disorder has just occurred at the Theatre of Lisle. In French provincial towns, actors and actresses are, as is generally known, on making their first appearances, subjected to a sort of popular vote of approval from the audience. Madame Borghese, an operatic singer, had been recently engaged there, without, however, having passed through the usual ordeal. As the majority of the public were unfavourable to her, marks of disapprobation had several times been expressed, and the usual formality of an appeal to the public was demanded, but the director paid no attention to the opposition, and the engagement still continued. The lady had, of course, her partisans, and during her performance of the "Trouvère," the evening before last, a few bravos were heard. A cry of "Down with the claque!" then followed, as well as a storm of hisses. The lady's supporters attempted to resist, but in vain, and the curtain had to be lowered. An effort was made to resume the performance some minutes later, but the riot became louder than ever, and M. Campocasso, the manager, who is a supporter of the actress, distinguishing one of the subscribers among the persons hissing, rushed on him and struck him several blows with his closed hand. The spectators took part against the aggressor, and a fight was becoming general, when the police interfered and restored order. A great agitation prevailed during the remainder of the evening in all the places of public resort in the town, and the affair will no doubt terminate before the Tribunal of Correctional police.

NEXT year there will be four eclipses—two of the sun and two of the moon. The first eclipse of the moon takes place on the 11th of April. The second—a total eclipse of the sun, April 25—is not visible in Great Britain. The third eclipse (of the moon), partial and visible, occurs October 3. The fourth, on the 19th of October, of the sun, is only partly visible.

SCIENCE.

M. DAVINE, so well known to naturalists by his splendid researches into the nature of the development of mollusks, has turned his attention to the subject of Vibriones, which has recently attracted so much attention. He states that these organisms are not to be considered as belonging to the *Protozoa*, or lowest division of the animal kingdom. They have no organization connected with either locomotion or digestion. They are perfectly homogeneous throughout their two extremities, are so perfectly alike that it is impossible to distinguish head from tail, and their progression is effected indifferently by either end of the body, showing that there is no functional distinction. From these different characters it is evident that the Vibriones approach the filamentous *confervæ*, and their chemical composition bears out this relation. M. Davaine has operated upon them with various reagents, but he has always had the same results as when he experimented on *confervæ* developed in the same medium as the Vibriones. The very peculiarity, then, of Vibriones is the power of locomotion, but this is no proof of their animality, inasmuch as the diatomaceæ and many other of the lower vegetables possess this property. M. Davaine has also found that individuals, structurally alike, were nevertheless physiologically different, and could only live in special media. This fact, however, was recently pointed out to us by a member of the London Microscopical Society, who has pursued this branch of study with much earnestness and care.

One of the most remarkable cases of prolonged sleep on record has just been reported to the French Academy by M. Blandlet, and is as follows:—A lady, of twenty-four years of age, and who enjoyed apparently perfect health, slept continuously for forty days when she was eighteen years old, and for fifty days when she became of age, and just after her marriage. So intense was the condition of lethargy in which she lay, and so rigid was the contraction of the muscles, that one of her incisor teeth had to be removed in order to admit milk and broth, which her anxious husband deemed it necessary she should have in order to preserve vitality. During this period the sleep was one which, though not death, yet assuredly knew "no waking;" all forms of stimulation were applied in vain; it was utterly impossible to rouse the patient to consciousness; the pulse beat slowly but steadily, and the respirations were very few per minute; the alimentary canal ceased to perform its office; yet the healthy aspect remained, and the body lost none of the plumpness and *embonpoint* which it previously possessed. At last, however, as of its own accord, consciousness returned, and with its restoration the other functions began to be discharged, and the vital offices of the various organs were performed as usual. M. Blandlet refers to some other cases of a similar character, which have already been described, and expresses his opinion that the case in question is not to be referred to catalepsy, but appears to be a species of hibernation similar to that observed in the bear, the marmot, &c. We cannot see upon what grounds it is thought not to be catalepsy, but we think the latter phenomenon is possibly to be explained according to the view M. Blandlet takes, viz., that it is a tendency in the system to rest, in order to have itself eventually restored to a working condition. The author of the memoir to which we have referred denies that hibernation is the result of external cold, and adduces very powerful arguments in support of his opinion, while, at the same time, he rather curiously associates ordinary sleep with the diurnal rotation of the earth, and hibernation with the planets' annual revolution round the sun.

M. Houdin asserts that deaf-mutes can be taught to express their ideas in ordinary language by a method which he has discovered and practises. He requires as essential conditions that the patients shall have ordinary intelligence, and shall possess the sense of sight, common sensation, and the organs of voice in the healthy condition. These conditions being granted, he states that it is of very little consequence how old or apparently incurable deafness may be.

A paper—lately reprinted—has appeared in the proceedings of the Brunn Natural History Society, from the pen of Professor Von Leonhardi, upon the subject of the order Characeæ. Gantner, who first wrote upon this natural order, enumerated only nineteen species, whilst the professor describes thirty-one, which he distributes under the genera *Nitella*, *Tolypella*, *Lymnothamnus*, and *Chara*.

In our last impression we alluded to the method proposed by Mr. C. R. C. Tichborne for the extraction of the essential oils of plants by means of glycerine; we now describe the process in more detail, especially as far as it relates to plants, the delicacy of whose aroma is so great that a very moderate degree of heat completely destroys it. After macerating the flowers for some considerable time in glycerine, the latter is expressed, and again treated with fresh flowers until the excipient is thoroughly saturated with the otto. The extraction appears to be perfect, as the glycerine evidently has a great affinity for the volatile oils. The saturated glycerine is then diluted with water and shaken with a small quantity of chloroform. After frequent agitation the latter is allowed to subside, when it is found to have carried down with it nearly the whole of the essential oils. This chloroform solution, after being separated by a funnel, should be filtered and allowed to evaporate spontaneously in a shallow vessel; the residual matter dissolved in spirit forms the spirituous extract of the flowers. When operating upon large quantities of flowers it becomes necessary,

for economy sake, to draw off the greater portion of the chloroform by means of a still so as to avoid wasting it. The boiling point is so low that the requisite temperature for the distillation of the chloroform could not injure the most delicate perfume. The glycerine may be used over and over again by diluting it, passing it through charcoal, and then evaporating till it attains the proper specific gravity.

A French scientific journal contains a very interesting account of the operations carried on in an extensive manure manufactory at Aubervilliers. The consumption of animals per annum is as follows:—Eight thousand horses, two hundred donkeys, three hundred cows, three hundred pigs, nine thousand cats and dogs, six thousand kilogrammes of meat unfit for use, five hundred thousand kilogrammes of offal from the *abattoirs* of Paris, and six hundred thousand kilogrammes of other refuse animal matters, such as skins, horn, hoofs, &c. The raw material is first cut up and boiled, to extract the grease. The flesh is then separated from the bones, pressed, and dried. It is afterwards ground and sifted, and the dried bones, which are afterwards submitted to the same process, mixed with it, forming a manure containing thirty-five per cent. of nitrogen and fifty-five per cent. of phosphate of lime. The blood is collected separately, and also made into manure. The solution obtained by boiling is strained, and the solid matter thus obtained is added to the rest. The offal is piled in alternate layers, with other organic matter, such as wool and parings of hoofs and horns, and with these is mixed a certain quantity of phosphate of lime. The heap is then moistened with some of the solution obtained by boiling, the whole is set fermenting, and eventually a very valuable manure is produced. During the process the phosphate of lime breaks up into various phosphoric compounds, and sundry ammonia salts are formed.

We learn from a contemporary that there has lately been obtained for the British Museum from "Barrow-on-Soar," Leicestershire, a specimen of *Ichthyosaurus tenuirostris*, showing a large extension of the dermal covering on the slab of stone. It seems to indicate that these reptiles had a prominent ridge upon the back, similar to which the males of the pond-newt present in the spring.

SCIENTIFIC MEETINGS.—Tuesday:—Zoological Society of London, at 8 p.m. 1. "On the Anthropoid Apes." By Professor Huxley. 2. "Notes on the Skeletons of the *Balenidae* in the principal Museums of Holland and Belgium." By Mr. W. H. Flower. 3. On a new Species of *Grampus* from Tasmania." By the same. 4. "On the Birds of Palestine." By the Rev. H. B. Tristram.—Wednesday:—Geological Society. 1. "On some Fossil Corals from Jamaica." By P. Martin Duncan, M.B., Sec. G. S. 2. "On the Correlation of the Irish Cretaceous Beds." By Ralph Tate, Esq., F.G.S. 3. "On the Earthquake which occurred in St. Helena on August 15th, 1864." By his Excellency Sir C. Elliot, K.C.B. Communicated by the Secretary of State for the Colonies, through Sir C. Lyell, Bart., F.R.S., F.G.S., &c.

MONEY AND COMMERCE.

THE BALANCE OF TRADE AND THE BANK CHARTER ACT.

DURING the past four years a very great derangement has occurred in the direction of our import and export trade. Trade has lost some channels and found others. Mr. Gladstone points with exultation to the fact that the loss of trade with America has been made up by the trade opened with France under the commercial treaty, and from other sources. There is no doubt that the opening of any new line of trade is a benefit, but it is a great mistake to suppose that it is necessarily an equivalent good to the maintenance of a previously existing trade of equal amount. We must always, before deciding on this point, ascertain what we get and how we pay for it; and of these two questions, the more important one as respects trade is, how we pay for what we get. If we buy anything, it may be presumed that we want it more than we want what we give for it—at least, that those persons who buy, do so, looking only to their own interests, wisely. If a man buys a French clock for ten guineas, it may be presumed that it is worth the money to him. If he buys it of the importer, this latter has to balance with his French correspondent. If the wholesale price were eight guineas, he has to produce that sum in meal or in malt. If his correspondent will not take goods, the importer must remit gold;—the balance of trade is against him. Under these circumstances, it may be presumed that he makes less profit than if his correspondent would take goods. For it may be presumed that he would require goods which are not so easily obtainable in France as in England, and so that his English debtor could square his account by purchasing the goods in England for less than for eight guineas, and so put into his pockets the export profit. It will, of course, be noticed by those accustomed to consider these questions that gold itself is an article of export, and that in any case the English importer, if he pays his debt, must be an exporter; and that if gold were not more

valuable at Paris than, say English manufactured goods, the French clock exporter would not take it in preference to them. This is true; but *de minimis non curat lex*: gold is of so nearly the same value all the world over (and the cost of its export from one place to another is so trifling in proportion to its value that this is likely to remain so) that the profit on its export is exceedingly small. We say, therefore, that practically the English importer of the French clock loses the exporter's profit when he is obliged to pay for the French clock in gold instead of in goods. The result of a very large number of transactions of this kind will produce an unfavourable balance of trade against English importers of French clocks. And if other importers of other French goods were in the same case, the balance of trade would be against them also. The balance of trade between the two countries would, however, be redressed if, say, English coal and iron were exported to France by other parties and paid for in gold in London. But then no gold, or but little, would be exported either from France or England, for the English importer of clocks would buy the bills which the English exporter of iron would draw on his French customer, and the French exporter of clocks would be paid in fact by the French importer of iron. If there were no export of iron or other commodities from England to redress the balance, the balance of trade would be against this country; not only against the importers of clocks, but against all the dealers with France considered as one firm—against the country in its trade with France. As far as the country is concerned, this balance might be redressed by, say, the trade with South America, which, on the balance of trade between it and England, might have to remit just enough to cover the former unfavourable balance. South America might even remit so much that on the whole foreign commerce of the country the balance of trade would be in its favour.

But suppose that one balance only just redresses the other, and that whilst there is no balance of trade for or against the country, as a whole, there is a heavy balance against one class of merchants, and a like heavy one in favour of another class. One class is in want of money to send to France, and another class has just received that amount of money from South America. If this latter class believe in the solvency of the other, they will lend them the balance. Or, which amounts to the same thing—since *qui facit per alium facit per se*—the balance of the South American trade will find its way into the Bank, and the Bank will lend it to the traders with France. There will be no disturbance of the money market, and no panic amongst the importers of French goods. But in the absence of credit this will not be done. If the Bank doubts the solvency of the English importers of French goods, it will not lend them the money of the South American exporters.

This is much what has just occurred in the cotton trade. Cotton has been imported from countries which have wanted hard cash for it, and the money-market has not had confidence in the actual holders of the cotton, and has not been willing to advance them enough to satisfy their liabilities. Concurrently with this there have been no very favourable balances to receive from other countries than India, Egypt, and the other cotton-exporting countries. Hemp, flax, jute, and all fibrous materials have had first the benefit, and now, to some extent, the misfortune of following the example of cotton, and the country has been importing at a pace which the export trade could not keep up with. The result has been that prices have fallen and that money has become scarce.

The natural consequence of overtrading in imports is the scarcity and consequent dearth of money. This result is absolutely unavoidable. If there is but little money those who want it must pay a high price for it, and this high price checks the too adventurous merchant and compels him to pause—for at 9 and 10 per cent. discount he can no longer trade at a profit. If he has already gone too far in that direction he must use his means and his credit in backing out—he must sell his superabundant stock at a loss, and use his credit to sell as favourably as possible.

But we live under a Bank Charter Act which prescribes an artificial rule for the home circulation. This rule says that the credit of the Bank is good for, say fourteen millions always and under all circumstances, and for no more. This rule forbids the exercise of the judgment, both of the Bank and of the public, as to the value of the Bank's promise to pay any sum of money on demand. The excuse for this is that a bank-note has been made a legal tender by Act of Parliament, and that therefore Parliament must look after its solvency.

The effect of the rule is, that the moment money becomes in extraordinary demand for export, there is an immediate and extraordinary contraction of the circulation; and the Bank, being limited as to the amount of promises to pay on demand which it can issue, declines altogether to make advances except on security perhaps as good as its own, and hence nineteen merchants out of twenty, perhaps, cannot get anything on credit. It is not, and this must be especially observed, that they must pay a high and crippling price for accommodation, but that they cannot get accommodation on any terms; and so, if the forced sale of their produce at a most unfavourable moment will ruin them, they must be, not crippled by having to pay crippling prices for accommodation, but ruined.

This would be all right if, as a matter of fact, the Bank and the merchants dealt only for cash; but this is not so: they both deal in cash and credit. But the credit of the Bank is arbitrarily fixed at, say fourteen millions.

The Government has twice stepped in arbitrarily, but most usefully, to dispense with the observance of the law. But such an arbitrary power is objectionable, and the law should be modified to provide for such cases. In 1847 the panic ceased with the knowledge of the suspension of the law. Perhaps if it had been known all along that when the minimum rate had advanced to 10 per cent. the rule would be suspended, there might have been no occasion to suspend it.

At this moment, if it were known that the Bank could use its own discretion as to the issue of its notes in the case of the minimum rate advancing to 10 per cent., the fears of the public would subside, and we should only have to contend with the natural scarcity of money, and not with the fears of the mercantile community as well.

THE quotation of gold at Paris is about 3 per mille premium, and the short exchange on London is 25·22½ per £1 sterling. On comparing these rates with the English Mint price of £3. 17s. 10½d. per ounce standard, it appears that gold is about 1·10th per cent. dearer in Paris than in London.

The weekly court at the Bank of England broke up without altering the rate of discount; but this was anticipated, and the announcement, therefore, produced no effect in the Stock Exchange.

The Bank of England have given notice that on Friday, the 2nd of December, the £3 per Cent. Consols, New £5 per Cents., New £3. 10s. per Cents., New £2. 10s. per Cent. Annuities, for terms of years, and India £5 per Cents., will be transferable without the dividend due on the 5th of January next; also that the transfer books of East India Stock will shut on the 9th of December and open on the 6th of January.

The biddings for 30,00,000 rupees in bills on India took place to-day at the Bank of England. The proportions allotted were—to Calcutta, 27,57,000 rupees; to Bombay, 1,75,000 rupees; and to Madras, 68,000 rupees. The minimum price was as before—1s. 11½d. per rupee on Calcutta and Madras, and 1s. 11½d. on Bombay. The applications within the limits amounted to 52 lacs. Tenders on Calcutta and Madras at 1s. 11½d. will receive about 51 per cent.; on Bombay at 1s. 11½d. in full—all above these prices in full.

There has been only a moderate demand for discount at the Bank. In the general market money in discount circles was at 8½ per cent. for first-class three months' paper. On the Stock Exchange money commanded 6½ per cent. on Government securities from day to day. The general demand will probably be kept up for some days, or at all events until after the 7th instant.

There was a fair amount of business in Colonial Government securities. Canada 6 per Cents. (Jan. and July, 1877-84) fetched 98; do. (Feb. and Aug.), 97½; do. 6 per Cents. (March and Sept.), 97; do. 5 per Cents. (Jan. and July), 85 3; New South Wales 5 per Cents. (1888-92), 94½ 5½; Queensland 6 per Cents. (Jan. and July), 101½; Victoria 6 per Cents. (April and Oct.), 105½ ½.

United States 6 per Cent. Bonds, Five-twenty years, were dealt in at 42½ ½.

Indian securities have been in good demand. Indian Stock (1874) fetched 214½; 5 per Cents. (1870), 105½ ¾; 4 per Cents. (1888), 97½; 5 per Cents. (1872), 101 100; Debentures, 97½; Bonds, 5s. 11s. dis.

In the foreign market the principal feature was a further fall in Venezuelan Stock, in consequence of the Government having appropriated the 55 per cent. of the Customs duties allocated to the bondholders to the suppression, as it is termed, of the revolution at La Guayra. Mexican Stock was slightly weaker, and closed at 26¾ 7. Spanish Passives were steady at 31¼ ¾; and Certificates 14¼ ¼. Turkish Consolidés remained at 50½ ¾, the other Turkish stocks being firm. Greek Bonds exhibited heaviness at 21¾ 2. Italian and Spanish Three per Cents. and Deferred remained without recovery from their recent depression. Egyptian, Russian, and Portuguese were more in request at late prices. The Confederate Loan was heavy at 59 61.

The demand for bank shares continues, and prices are still advancing. London and County Bank shares have risen to 72 to 73. Alliance Bank closed at 9 to 10 prem. Anglo-Austrian Bank, Brazilian and Portuguese, Consolidated, English and Swedish, European, International, London Bank of Mexico, London and Brazilian, London, Birmingham and South Staffordshire, Mercantile and Exchange, Bank of New Zealand, Standard Bank of Africa, and Union Bank of London, were all better. Continental Bank shares were exceptionally heavy. Anglo-Egyptian Bank shares have improved to ¼ dis. to par.

The shares of the financial companies have been in active demand, and experienced a decided improvement. International Financial rose 10s. (the advance being apparently assisted by that in Hudson's Bay shares); London Financial, £1, and General Credit, Imperial Mercantile, and Crédit Foncier, 5s. The closing quotations are annexed, viz.:—International, 1½ to 1¾ prem.; General Credit, 2½ to ¾ prem.; London Financial, 7½ to 8 prem.; Imperial Mercantile Credit (amalgamated), 1½ to 1¾ prem.; and Crédit Foncier and Mobilier of England (amalgamated), 1½ to 2½ prem.

The numbers are published of 569 bonds, representing £110,000, of the Russian Four-and-a-Half per Cent. Loan of 1849 which were drawn on the 20th ult., and are to be paid off after the 1st of January next.

The committee of the Stock Exchange appointed Friday, 4th November, a special settling in the shares of the following companies:—Metropolitan Railway (New Shares)—to be marked; Flintshire Oil and Cannel (Limited)—for transactions only entered into on and after Aug. 7—not to be marked at present; Worcester Engine Works (Limited) for transactions only entered into on and after June 11—not to be marked; and Halcomb & Co., sack contractors (Limited)—for transactions only entered into on and after July 16—no quotation asked for.

The frightful havoc among the shipping in the Hooghly by the dreadful hurricane which swept Calcutta on the 5th ult., led to much excitement at Lloyd's, where the loss-book has been surrounded by crowds of parties interested. Fifteen ships are reported as totally lost, together with eight steamers; and upwards of 120 other ships are ashore and sustained much damage. At present some doubt exists as to the exact names, owing to errors in the telegrams. A vast number of the ships mentioned are insured at Lloyd's and at the different marine insurance companies; but to form any notion of the probable loss is now impossible. The details of the overland mail are anxiously looked for.

The colonial wool sales are fixed to commence on Thursday, November 17. The fresh importations up to present date, since the beginning of last sales, comprise 74,732 bales, viz.:—New South Wales and Queensland, 17,860; Victoria, 12,671; Tasmania, 1,870; South Australia, 5,141; West Australia, 198; New Zealand, 9,306; Cape, 27,686; total colonial, 74,732 bales.

During the past week the movements of the precious metals have been on a rather extensive scale as regards the imports, which have amounted to about £627,469, including £23,000 from New York by the *Etna*; £28,800 by the *China*; £128,000 from Australia by the *Great Britain*; £405,956 from the West Indies and Pacific by the *Shannon*; £14,877 from Alexandria by the *Syria*; and about £26,836 in gold has been received from the Continent. The exports have comprised £4,200 to Bombay by the *Massilia*, and about £88,100 has been forwarded to the Continent through private sources, the total amounting to £92,300.

Notwithstanding the protracted dearth of money, and the depressed condition of certain departments of business, the commerce of the United Kingdom continues to display an unparalleled degree of activity. It is remarkable to find that the traffic on all the principal lines of railway is fully maintained, showing that even the curtailment of operations within the past few weeks has not produced at present any very material effect upon the extent of mercantile enterprise. The Board of Trade returns have been issued for the nine months ending the 30th September, and the results they exhibit are of a remarkable character. In that period the value of British and Irish produce exported shows an increase of 18 per cent. over the corresponding months of 1863, and of nearly 32 per cent. when contrasted with 1862. The following are the particulars:—

	1862.	1863.	1864.
Enumerated articles.....	£88,883,522	£98,833,214	£117,765,537
Unenumerated articles.....	4,788,912	5,461,499	5,638,624
All articles.....	£93,672,434	£104,294,713	£123,404,161

The import tables as well as the shipping statistics also bear abundant testimony to the extraordinary expansion which has taken place in our commercial relations with the rest of the world.

The following is a summary of the present state of the cotton market as compared with the corresponding period of last year:—Increase of imports, 560,710; increase of quantity taken for consumption, 151,730; increase of stock, 234,000; increase of quantity taken for export, 72,485; cotton at sea for the kingdom, 550,000.

During the month of November railway "calls" will fall due, amounting in the aggregate to about £500,000, raising the total subscribed for the purpose since the 1st January to upwards of £12,600,000. On Tuesday, £2 per share, or £80,000, will have to be paid on the Turin and Savona shares.

The following companies are ready to receive tenders for loans on debentures:—Great Western and Brentford, in sums of £100 and upwards, to replace debentures falling due; Lancashire and Yorkshire, for a period of years, to replace loans paid off; London, Chatham, and Dover, of £100 and upwards, secured either on the general undertaking or the metropolitan extensions, for three or five years, at 5 per cent. per annum; London and South-Western, for three years and upwards, to pay off debentures falling due; Midland, in sums of £100 and upwards, on security of debentures for three years, to meet debentures falling due; Staines, Wokingham, and Woking, for a limited amount, for three, five, or seven years, at 4½ per cent. per annum, to replace loans falling due; and Tewkesbury and Malvern, for three, five, or seven years, in sums of £100 and upwards, at the rate of 5 per cent. per annum.

The traffic returns for the past week show a receipt of £645,271 on 11,286 miles open, against £601,988 on 11,228 miles open in the corresponding week of 1863, and £562,240 on 10,763 miles open in 1862. This gives an increase of £43,283 over the corresponding week of 1863, and of £83,031 over 1862. The receipts per mile per week show an increase, as compared with those of 1863, of £3. 11s. 2d., and of £4. 19s. 1d. over 1862.

THE financial accounts from the Continent indicate considerable uneasiness, attributable in some measure to the uncertainties connected with the Dutch and Spanish Credit Companies. At all points, however, the rates for money are below those current in London. At Paris, the charge is 7½ per cent.; at Amsterdam, 7; at Hamburg, 4½; at Frankfort, 5; and at Brussels, 6.

LETTERS from Paris state that, apart from the speculations on the Bourse, the commercial houses have not suffered to any extent by the London and Continental failures. Business in general is proceeding satisfactorily. As far as the Bourse is concerned, the liquidation will probably not go off without difficulty, certain parties of influence declining to *reporter* in Rentes. Regarding the spoken of emission of 6 per Cent. Bonds for public works, should this be decided on, it must be voted by the Corps Législatif, and which cannot take place before next year. The *Temps* of Oct. 30th says:—"It is asserted that a decree will shortly appear establishing a fund for great public works, which will issue 6 per Cent. Bonds, redeemable under certain regulations."

LETTERS from Amsterdam mention that two representatives of the French Crédit Mobilier, along with M. Moser, from the Austrian Ministry of Finance, are now in that city, examining the affairs of the Société Générale established there. The defalcations of M. Mondel, its president, have chiefly been caused from his private speculations in American securities, Mexican, Spanish, and other shares, which have in great measure been sold. M. Mondel was connected with many of the continental undertakings. He was also, in conjunction with others, an active competitor for the Mexican Loan, the management of which, as a financial operation, cannot be pronounced as having been very successful. The affairs of the Société Générale, however, according to the above advices, will probably not suffer from the misdoings of its chief.

It is announced at Turin that the King, convinced of the necessity for the introduction of greater economies in the public administration, and desirous of co-operating in the difficult task of the Ministry, has renounced 3½ millions of the civil list in favour of the State.

THE usual monthly auction for the sinking fund of the Passive Debt took place at Madrid on October 31st. The prices fixed by the Government were as follows:—For the first class, 44.25; for the second class foreign, 26.50; for the third class foreign, 31.50; and for the personal debt, 24. Tenders were made at 43.50 to 44 for the first class; 26 for the second class foreign; 30.50 for the third class foreign; and 23.75 for the personal debt.

THE financial accounts from St. Petersburg are somewhat more favourable than of late, the exchange on London having risen to 30½.

THE letters from Amsterdam mention that although the President of the Société Générale has left that city in consequence of difficulties arising out of his own speculations, the position of that establishment is not compromised.

It is asserted that the round sum to be paid by Denmark to satisfy the claims of the Duchies on the public property will amount to 8,500,000 rix-dollars, and that she will also have to pay an indemnity for all the captured shipping.

TELEGRAMS from Bombay—the chief cotton port of the East—dated October 15, announce the receipt of advices from England respecting the rise in the Bank of England rate of discount to 9 per cent., and the heavy decline here in the value of cotton. The effect was to stop all business in cotton piece-goods and raw cotton, and the quotation for the latter fell about 2½d. per lb. No failures, however, were reported. The exchange was quoted 2s. 1½d., being only 1.16d. lower (or in favour of this country). The native holidays commenced at Calcutta on the 5th October, and would last for two weeks, during which business would be suspended. According to the telegrams from Shanghai, an important rise (4½d.) had occurred in the exchange, and at Canton an advance of ½d. appears to have also taken place, both being movements against England.

THE report of the directors of the Madras Railway shows an increase in the traffic and receipts upon the railway during the last six months equal to 34½ per cent. in the gross receipts, and 152 in the net receipts, the net earnings being £66,905 as against £26,574 in the corresponding period of 1863. The Bangalore branch, 84 miles in length, has been opened for traffic since the last half-yearly report, and a further extension of 39 miles will be shortly available for traffic.

MESSRS. BARING BROTHERS & Co.'s agents in Venezuela state, under date Oct. 8—"That they have collected for 55 per cent. of the import duties for one week only from the Custom-house of Puerto Cabello \$1,910 49, and from that of La Guayra \$10,594 79—together \$12,505 28, on account of the Venezuelan Loan of 1862. Messrs. Baring Brothers also regret to state that their agents, on applying at the Custom-house for the 55 per cent. import duties for the following week were informed that, a revolution having broken out in Guayana, the Government had resolved to suspend the 55 per cent. for a short period, to enable them to raise sufficient means to speedily check the outbreak. The amount retained at the La Guayra Custom-house is stated to be about \$30,000."

THE mail from Guayaquil has brought a remittance of £396. 9s. 7d. on account of the dividend on the debt of Ecuador.

THE Barbadoes Legislature was to meet on the 10th. Several important measures were to be brought forward, including a bill to raise £30,000 by debentures for the erection of public buildings; the weather continued favourable for the crops, which were thriving well. The canes everywhere presented a most promising appearance. Sick-ness was still prevalent. The shipments of produce amounted to—sugar, 33,184 hhds., 2,658 tierces, 5,490 brls., 2,028 bags; molasses, 11,444 puns., 460 hhds., 439 brls.; rum, 71 puns., 2 hhds. Imports from the States were heavy. Exchange on London, 90 days, \$485.

REVIEWS OF BOOKS.

THE SEPOY WAR IN INDIA.*

THIS is the first of three volumes in which Mr. Kaye proposes to write the history of the great Indian Mutiny or rebellion of 1857-8. No living writer is better qualified for the execution of the task which he has undertaken than the historian of the Affghan war, and we may at once say that the instalment of his work now before us is in every way worthy of his reputation and of its subject. He has had free access to all the best sources of information, both public and private, and he has made excellent use of them. Written in a style at once animated and dignified—not unfrequently, indeed, rising into eloquence,—it is remarkable for a large and comprehensive grasp of a difficult and complicated subject, for the ample knowledge which it displays, both of the people and the rulers of India, and for the spirit of impartiality, candour, and generosity in which the conduct of men of all parties and of both races is discussed.

The present volume only comes down to the outbreak of the Mutiny. It is mainly occupied with a discussion of its causes; with a review of the principal political events of the social and material progress of the country during the previous ten years; and with the history of the Bengal army down to the close of Lord Dalhousie's Administration. An outline of Mr. Kaye's view of the origin of the Mutiny is contained in the following passage from his preface:—

"It was in the over-eager pursuit of humanity and civilization that Indian statesmen of the new school were betrayed into the excesses which have been so grievously visited upon the nation. The story of the Indian Rebellion of 1857 is, perhaps, the most signal illustration of our great national character ever yet recorded in the annals of our country. It was the vehement self-assertion of the Englishman that produced this conflagration; it was the same vehement self-assertion that enabled him, by God's blessing, to trample it out. It was a noble egotism, mighty alike in doing and in suffering, and it showed itself grandly capable of steadfastly confronting the dangers which it had brought down upon itself. If I have any predominant theory, it is this: because we were too English the great crisis arose; but it was only because we were English that, when it arose, it did not utterly overwhelm us."

There is, indeed, no doubt that for some time previous to this crisis there had been a great change in the policy of our Indian statesmen. The founders of our empire, and those who immediately succeeded them, confined their views to the mere government of the country. They were content with a policy which promised to secure our power; and, not looking beyond this, they were equally content to accept Indian society as they found it—to rule through the native princes or the native gentry—and to accept without question, as the inevitable incidents of Oriental society, the vice, the crime, the oppression, and the hideous superstition which they saw around them. But a day came when the Anglo-Indian began to ask whether it was impossible to stir the stagnation of Asiatic life, or to deprive it of its most repulsive features. The idea arose that India was not given to us merely as a source of wealth or a field of commerce, and noble-minded men burned to fulfil the mission which they considered that Providence had confided to us by protecting, educating, and elevating the native race. India, they maintained, must be ruled according to English rather than Indian ideas, if we were to effect any material improvement in her condition. Unfortunately they forgot that reforms introduced by foreigners are always regarded with suspicion, and that the natives of almost every country prefer their own bad ways to the better ways of their neighbours. The Marquis of Dalhousie embraced these views, and carried them out during his period of office with all the energy of his strong, vehement, and unimaginative nature. One leading feature of what is known as the "Dalhousie policy" (although the noble Marquis did not by any means originate that policy) consisted in a determination to bring the Government of India into the closest and most intimate relations with the people of India. In no other way, it was argued, could we communicate to them the blessings of English laws, learning, customs, and manners. But this purpose could not be effected so long as native States remained independent, and the native aristocracy retained their ancient power. Hence it was necessary to absorb the one and to degrade the other. Accordingly Lord Dalhousie, almost immediately after assuming the Viceroyalty, declared that we ought to take advantage of "every just opportunity which presents itself for consolidating the territories which already belong to us by taking possession of States that may lapse in the midst of them." And by refusing to recognise that right of adoption in default of natural heirs, which had hitherto been regarded as sacred, he annexed during his period of office a considerable number of the independent principalities which then remained. The downfall of these ancient States, in the opinion of Mr. Kaye, undoubtedly produced a painful feeling of insecurity throughout India, and this was materially aggravated by the annexation of Oude, and still more by the resolution to apply its surplus resources to the general purposes of the empire. An universal impression was created that India was in future to be governed merely for the profit of the English, and that self-interest and gain had become the mainsprings of our conduct. Throughout the higher classes a sense of alarm and hostility had been previously created by the new revenue settle-

ment of the North-western provinces, which proceeded upon the assumption that the peasants, and not those who had formerly been recognised as the landed aristocracy, were the true owners of the soil; and the alarm and hostility were very much intensified during Lord Dalhousie's rule by extensive confiscations effected in the South Mahratta country under the Queen's commission which was charged to inquire into the validity of titles, by the operation of our civil courts, who sold the estates of ancient landholders for their debts, and by a general want of consideration and respect for those privileged classes whose power it was determined to abate. It was, no doubt, anticipated that we should be more than compensated for the estrangement of a class by the increased attachment of the masses; but this expectation was not realized. Although Lord Dalhousie and his followers could not understand it, the people respected and, in some sense, were attached to the old families; and thus the derangement of confirmed habits and associations created a strong suspicion that other changes were impending, and fostered an apprehension that even the sacred rights of caste might cease to be respected by the innovating Britons. Nor is this all. Many causes had combined to distract the minds and inflame the hatred of the priesthood. In the proceedings of our religious societies, in the educational measures of the Government, and in the projected reform with reference to the remarriage of Hindoo widows, they saw so many direct attacks upon their influence, which the introduction of railways and telegraphs was at the same time more insidiously, but not less steadily, undermining. There can be no doubt that this condition of the native mind had a powerful effect upon the army, and that, although it is in the army itself that we must look for the immediate cause of the Mutiny, its rapid spread and the dimensions which it ultimately assumed were due to the vague fear, suspicion, and hostility which pervaded all classes of the population.

One of the most interesting portions of the present volume is devoted to the history of the Sepoy army. On reading it, we cannot help being struck with astonishment at the perfect confidence which was reposed in the fidelity of these troops by almost all Anglo-Indian soldiers and statesmen; for it had frequently shown itself both capricious and turbulent. Portions of it had on numerous occasions broken out into open mutiny; and for many years previous to 1857 it had displayed an increasing tendency to stand tenaciously on its rights, and to resent any refusal to comply with its demands. So early as 1764 there was a mutiny amongst the Bengal troops, and in 1806 there was the far more serious mutiny of Vellore, in the Madras army. In 1824, the Bengal troops mutinied at Barrackpore. In 1844, the 34th Regiment had to be disbanded for the same cause at Ferozepore; and in the same year the Madras troops were again known to be in an unsound state. In the following year, a military conspiracy was detected at Patna; and in 1849-50 serious difficulties arose with the troops ordered for service in Scinde and the Punjab, on account of their not receiving the allowances to which they considered themselves entitled. And there were other considerations. It ought to have been perceived that of this army, on which we relied so confidently, we knew little. Originally officered mainly by natives of some rank and position in society, these men had been gradually thrust into the background by the Europeans who were attached to the regiments in increased numbers. At first, the English Sepoy officer mixed a good deal with his men, and lived in familiar intercourse with them. But, as English society in India became more accessible, he gradually withdrew from intercourse with the other race, and thus not only lost the moral influence which he formerly possessed over those under his command, but also his acquaintance with what was going on amongst them. That discipline should have declined under these circumstances is only what might have been expected; but Mr. Kaye points out that there had been for some years more special causes in operation, which not only tended to alienate the Sepoy from us, but to exalt his belief in our dependance upon him. The annexation of Scinde and the Punjab increased the duties of the Sepoy army, who saw themselves employed in garrisoning the distant provinces which they had conquered without receiving any increase of pay. The annexation of Oude deprived the Sepoys, who were natives of that province, of the privileges which they and their families had formerly enjoyed under the Mohammedan kings. They saw that with our increased territory the number of British troops in India was not increased, and contracted from this an idea that our power was exhausted. And there seems to be now no doubt that "a number of very preposterous stories were industriously circulated and eagerly swallowed during the Crimean war, and that these all pointed to the downfall of the British power."

But, although we can now see how full of danger was the whole situation, India presented an outward aspect of unbroken calm when, on the last day of February, 1856, the Marquis of Dalhousie—"the very embodiment of success"—placed the portfolio of the Indian empire in the hands of his successor. That year passed away in apparent tranquillity; but the catastrophe of the following May was steadily maturing. In Oude, the violent and ill-judged proceedings of the Commission alienated the population, and convinced the Talookdars that the rapacious English Government was grasping at their property. The Persian war not only materially diminished the number of English troops in the country, and thus encouraged the hopes of all malcontents and intriguers, but gave rise to a pervading popular impression that defeat and disaster had once more attested our failing strength, and that there was every prospect of the fulfilment of a well-known prophecy, which fixed the following year as the termination of our

* A History of the Sepoy War in India, 1857-8. By John William Kaye, author of the "History of the War in Afghanistan." In 3 vols. Vol. I. London: W. H. Allen & Co.

rule in India. In the autumn, Lord Canning, who was embarrassed by the difficulty of garrisoning our recent conquest of Pegu, in consequence of the great bulk of the Bengal army not being enlisted for service beyond sea, issued an order that in future no recruits would be received for any other than general service. The Bengal Sepoy saw in this the destruction of the privileges which he had hitherto enjoyed; and if he did not himself feel the loss, he knew that his sons would. He felt that (as it turned out, in fact) the new recruits would be men of lower caste, with whom he could not associate. He received the measure both as a confirmation of the report that the Government intended in future to rely upon the Sikhs, and as, in some mysterious way, "another insidious attempt to destroy the caste of the people, and to make men of all creeds do the bidding of the English, by merging all in the one faith of the Feringhee." A missionary manifesto published about this time, subscriptions given by Lord Canning to certain religious societies, some visits of Lady Canning to the female schools of Calcutta, and the passing of the Act to remove all legal obstacles to the marriage of Hindoo widows—all these things contributed, in a greater or less degree, to convert India, and the Indian army especially, into one vast mass of combustible matter, ready to explode whenever a spark should fall amongst it.

We all recollect how the spark was applied. The Enfield rifle was on the point of being supplied to the native army; and schools for instruction in the new weapon were established in various parts of India. One of these was at Dum-Dum, in the immediate neighbourhood of Calcutta. And there,—

"It happened that, one day in January, a low-caste Lascar, or magazine-man, meeting a high-caste Sepoy in the cantonment, asked him for a drink of water from his lotah. The Brahmin at once replied with an objection on the score of caste, and was tauntingly told that caste was nothing, that high-caste and low-caste would soon be all the same, as cartridges smeared with beef-fat and hog's-lard were being made for the Sepoys at the depôts, and would soon be in general use throughout the army."

The Brahmin carried the story to his comrades, who were horror-struck at the degradation impending over them—at the threatened loss of everything which a high-caste Hindoo holds most dear. From Dum-Dum the story spread with incredible rapidity, and, by means as to which we are still in the dark, to the other military stations, and particularly to those of Barrackpore, Berhampore, and Meerut. We must refer to Mr. Kaye's work for the details of what took place at these stations, and of the means by which the Government endeavoured to allay the unfounded suspicions of the Sepoys. Upon the whole, it seems to us that Lord Canning did all that he could under the circumstances; and that, in truth, although neither he nor his advisers then knew it, the evil with which they had to contend was one wholly beyond their power to reach. The suspicions of the Sepoys had become utterly uncontrollable. When driven from one point, they fixed immediately on another. When they were told that they might grease their own cartridges, they immediately declared that the paper of which they were made was polluted. When there seemed some hope of getting the delusion out of their heads, a new story was started that the Government had sent a quantity of flour mixed with the dust of cows' bones to the bazaar at Cawnpore. The troops had come to believe that there was a settled plan to convert them forcibly or fraudulently. It would, after all that had recently taken place, have been difficult to dispel this notion, even had they been left to themselves; but there is every reason to believe that they were worked upon by emissaries from at least three different sets of plotters, who probably formed one conspiracy. The great Brahminical institution, the Doorma Soobha of Calcutta, was one of the suspected agencies; the ministers of the ex-King of Oude were another; and as to Nana Sahib's activity at this time there is no doubt. But we are even yet quite in the dark as to the parts they took, or the means they employed—just as we are in the dark as to the real meaning of the circulation of chupatties in the North-Western Provinces. That these cakes passing from hand to hand caused intense excitement amongst the population we all know; but Mr. Kaye confesses his inability to tell us why.

Notwithstanding all the adverse influence at work, it seemed in the beginning of May as if the danger were passing away. The men had returned to their duty at the several military stations. Two regiments had been disbanded; and several mutineers had been executed without any attempt at resistance on the part of the Sepoys. Although things were unquiet in Oude, Henry Lawrence was there, and full confidence was reposed in his ability to deal with any emergency that might arise. On the 18th May, however, the great military station of Meerut was in a blaze; the cavalry rose in a body and marched on Delhi, where they were joined by other regiments; the King of Delhi placed himself at the head of the insurgents, and the rebel standard was hoisted on the palace of the Mogul. Our Sepoy army was in revolt, and it behoved us to reconquer our Indian empire. How that work was accomplished—by what noble deeds, by what magnificent exhibitions of courage and capacity on the part of Englishmen, it was illustrated—it remains for Mr. Kaye to describe in his two remaining volumes.

LE FOND DU SAC.*

THE poetical literature of England, rich beyond that of most other countries, is nevertheless very little valued among us for its

* Le Fond du Sac. Par Le Chevalier de Chatelain, Auteur de "Sept Ans de Règne des Fables Nouvelles," des "Perles d'Orient," &c. Londres: Rolandi.

own sake. A poet may by chance become the rage, so that people think it incumbent on them to appear at least to have read what he writes; and while he continues in fashion, what our neighbours call the *gobemouches* buy or borrow his works, that they may be thought to be lovers of poetry. But this is all. Many persons now living remember the *furor* which pervaded the whole country when Sir Walter Scott and Lord Byron were in fashion, when grave critics preferred "Marmion" to the "Iliad," and "The Corsair" to the "Odyssey." Where are those enthusiasts now? Do you meet any one in society who has ever looked into either of those poems—we mean persons under a certain age? "Marmion" is dead, and "The Corsair" is dead, and no revolution in taste can resuscitate them. On the other hand, the byways and wildernesses of our literature are strewn thickly with gems, which scarcely any readers will stoop to pick up, because no one has told them how exquisitely beautiful they are. It is in the gathering together of these things, putting upon them a French dress, and by such means directing public attention to their rare beauty, that the merit of M. de Chatelain chiefly consists. He has the taste to choose, and the skill to clothe in befitting language, the ideas which glow in the heaven of invention of a people not French, but in every way pre-eminently different from the French. Yet, when we see our English thoughts in the Chevalier's language, we are persuaded they might very easily have sprung up on the banks of the Seine or the Loire. In glancing through the volume before us, together with its predecessors, the "Rayons et Reflets," and the "Beautés de la Poésie Anglaise," we are astonished at the number of names which cluster about the roots of the English Parnassus without challenging much notice from our busy, money-making contemporaries. In France, they may meet with a better reception. Our friends beyond the Channel have the wisdom to allow themselves a little more leisure for intellectual enjoyment than we do, and, however startling it may seem, are likewise less intolerant of foreign merit. When a French poet puts forth a volume in Paris, we generally content ourselves with shrugging our shoulders, and repeating the very hackneyed expression that the French are not a poetical people; after which we consider ourselves freed from the necessity of reading the new volume. Whatever may have been the case formerly, our neighbours of the present day are more just towards us; they read our books, when they understand English, and, when they don't, are not at all ashamed to enjoy our ideas through the medium of a translation. Hence the large acceptance which M. de Chatelain's volumes have met with in France, where persons now read Chaucer and Shakespeare, together with numerous minor English poets, who, until this discriminating and graceful translator undertook to make us known on the Continent, were as ignorant of the "Canterbury Tales" or "Hamlet" as they were of the anonymous verses on the Snowdrop or the song of the Robin Redbreast, which probably never crossed the Channel till M. de Chatelain imparted to them the power to become migratory. Some of our contemporaries, misled by we know not what canons of criticism, have maintained that Shakespeare ought not to be translated, though, for the same reasons, they should protest against all poetical versions whatsoever. It is true that no one possessing less genius than Shakespeare could revive all Shakespeare's thoughts and graces in a foreign language; but, if half a loaf be better than no bread, so a translation falling short of superlative excellence is obviously better than no translation at all. We will venture to go farther, and maintain that, in the case of Chaucer for example, it is much easier even for many Englishmen to understand him in De Chatelain's translation than in his own antiquated vernacular. Of course, when by labour and study a man has rendered himself as to language contemporary with Chaucer, the pleasure he cannot fail to derive from the "Canterbury Tales" must be far greater, because we are fully sensible that there are charms in original poetry which belong so exclusively to the language in which it first sees the light, that no skill or taste or industry can transfer them to a foreign tongue. M. de Chatelain observes that in his country there are not five persons out of a hundred—we should say out of five thousand—who can read Shakespeare in English; and why should he be a sealed book to those four thousand nine hundred and ninety-five individuals? It might be thought heretical to believe that for the mass of our own countrymen Shakespeare in many parts requires to be translated into common English, his meaning, in his own subtle and high-soaring dialect, moving so far above their heads that they can seldom catch a glimpse of it. It is different with our minor songs, which lend themselves pleasantly and easily to the will of all who desire to enjoy them, whether natives or foreigners; and it is chiefly from among these that M. de Chatelain has chosen the materials of his present volume. Some of the pieces of which versions are given may be reckoned among the least popular, while others are among the most popular, in our language. To the latter class every one will admit that Gray's "Elegy" belongs. There is probably in Great Britain no educated man, woman, or child who has not read it, very few who do not know some portions by heart. We are pleased to find it, therefore, at the bottom of M. de Chatelain's bag, where its old familiar face looks almost as agreeable as in its native costume. From his prefaces and notes, the translator might be supposed to be a careless and jovial sort of person, more alive to comedy and humour than to that strange melancholy which constitutes the chief characteristic of the English mind; but the attentive reader will soon discover proofs that the reverse is the case. M. de Chatelain has taken up his abode, and made himself a home, in this country; but

he is still a Frenchman and an exile, and his thoughts are often coloured deeply by regret for the country he has lost—whether voluntarily or involuntarily we do not pretend to decide. There is something inexpressibly sweet to a Frenchman in the very name of France, which we cosmopolitan English can with difficulty understand. We travel over the whole world, and are at home everywhere, often admiring other countries more than our own, and even preferring other forms of thought, other languages, and other types of physical beauty, to those found in our insular domains. But this we may, without much risk of contradiction, affirm never happens to a Frenchman. The French is undoubtedly a delicious language, containing under a surface of lightness the most deep and touching revelations of custom, a domestic charm, a fascination peculiar to itself; a familiar, everyday, fireside characteristic which foreigners are seldom able to appreciate. We have seen tears come into the eyes of a Frenchman at the bare repetition of the word which signifies the gurgling of a brook; he was an exile, and the term carried him back to the banks of the Garonne, where he had a thousand times heard the word when a child. Yet in poetry there are in that admirable language peculiarities which to us appear to be defects: the consonance, for example, in rhyme is so complete as to be almost identical. But while English critics censure this imperfection in French verse, they tolerate the awkwardnesses of their own rhyming system, which, to say the least of them, are quite as numerous and offensive to a delicate ear as those prevalent in French verse. Gray bestowed infinite care on the structure of his versification, and yet abounds in rhymes which are so uncouth as to be incorrect: thus, he makes "obscure" rhyme with "poor," "toil" with "smile," "beech" with "stretch;" so Pope, supposed to be the very model of correctness, makes "join" rhyme with "line," "joy" with "sigh," "dull" with "full;" again, Dryden makes "drove" rhyme with "love," and often falls into faults of rhyme still more obvious. One of the prettiest poems which the Chevalier de Chatelain has translated is "The Monks of Kilcrea," in which, however, we notice several barbarisms of the first order, both in the way of rhyme and expression, which are no longer visible in French verse. Several of our contemporaries, indeed, especially those born within the Bills of Mortality, give proof of so defective an ear that they discover a strict consonance between such words as "morn" and "lawn"—a fault almost sufficient to damn a whole poem.

Many of the short pieces which M. de Chatelain has here translated have not fallen under our observation in the original, so that we are unable to say how far the sense of them is given in French; but, whether exact or inexact, the poems in numerous cases are so sweet and fresh that they read less like translator's fancy. In the course of the volume there are some reproductions than as the spontaneous offspring of the poems which, had the task of selection been confided to us, we might perhaps have omitted, though upon the whole the choice is as indicative of good taste as the way in which the version is executed. One characteristic in our contemporary and recent poetry can hardly fail to strike the reader: namely, its pantheistic tendency, not in a religious but in a poetical sense, which develops itself in the universal ascription of human emotions to inanimate nature. Everything lives; everything feels and thinks, and excites the sympathy of the poet. Power and thought reside in the leaf and the waterfall; the flower and the cloud commune with man, and reveal to him, through the impulse of love, things lying beyond his ken in the depths of material organization. This implies a poetical revolution from the epoch when poetry was passion, and consequently suggested little or no sympathy with the external world.

Those of our readers who are masters of French will derive no slight pleasure from comparing M. de Chatelain's translations with the English originals. Proteus never assumed more shapes than ideas do when they dive out of their primitive language to re-appear in various forms in half-a-dozen dialects. Take Hamlet's soliloquy, and, having studied it in Shakespeare, examine it in French, German, Italian, and Spanish: the same intellectual basis lies always at the root, but how different is the foliage by which it is overshadowed! A translator cannot, if he would, be what we call faithful; the idioms of his own language stand in the way, and forbid it. Our old critics laid it down as a rule, that properly to translate is to clothe a foreign author's thoughts exactly as he would have clothed them had he written originally in English. This is easily said, but would it be easily done? How are we to ascertain how a mind totally different from ours would have developed itself under certain conditions? We suspect that, when a man undertakes to dress up another man's ideas, the only advice likely to prove profitable is to bid him do his best. M. de Chatelain has done this, and in common with many other English readers we thank him for what he has accomplished, though we think him capable of still doing a great deal more towards making the people of the continent familiar with a portion of our literature of which a majority of them have hitherto known little or nothing.

THE NEAPOLITAN CLOISTER.*

THE authoress of these Memoirs is a lady belonging to the princely Neapolitan family of Torino, who, when she was fifteen or sixteen years of age, was forcibly placed in a convent by her mother, though her own wishes and inclinations were strongly

* Memoirs of Henrietta Caracciolo, of the Princes of Torino, ex-Benedictine Nun. From the Italian. London: Bentley.

against such a life. As she was born in the year 1821, this was long before the present state of things in South Italy. It is well known that under the rule of the Bourbons the conventual system had attained its rank and most pernicious growth in the territories annexed by Garibaldi to the Italian Crown. Religious houses were multiplied to an inordinate extent; monks and nuns abounded in corresponding numbers; the natural tendency of the Neapolitans to indolence was enhanced by such examples of idleness and supposed sanctity; and a fearful corruption was established throughout the State, the consequences of which are to be reckoned among the chief difficulties of the new Government. The Signora Caracciolo—taking the statements here put forward for facts—was in early life attached to a young man of jealous temperament, who, during the absence of herself and her mother in Naples, wrote an imperative note to her, desiring her to return to him at Reggio at once, as the air of the capital was not "favourable to constancy." The mother, on reading these lines, was furious, and she immediately wrote to the young man, forbidding any engagement of marriage between him and her daughter. This was much against the daughter's wishes; but her father, who had treated her with the utmost tenderness, was by this time dead, and her mother had always regarded her with coldness and want of sympathy. Shortly afterwards, she was sent to a convent presided over by her paternal aunt—ostensibly, on a visit of two months, but really as a means of compelling her to adopt the life of a nun. On leaving the house at the end of that period, she found that her mother was about to be married again, and, being in effect cast off by her relatives, she returned to the convent as a place of refuge, but still only as a temporary abode. She had, however, previous to readmission, been forced to give a promise that she would take the veil, the abbess refusing to receive her again on any other terms. She was thus driven, by hard necessity and the predetermination of her mother, to adopt a life which filled her with abhorrence; and it was not long before she discovered that she had abundant reason for detesting it. She found a nunnery what so many others have found it—a place of monotonous routine, of stifled affections, of mean intrigues, vulgar jealousies, and feminine spite, of depravity and corruption. She naturally became rebellious at first, desponding after a time, as the hopelessness of her state pressed more and more on her, then seriously ill, with signs of incipient madness. After vainly imploring to be released, she communicated with the Pope himself (in the Liberal times of 1848), and obtained permission to retire into a "Conservatorio," or religious asylum, where she could be at liberty during the day to go out at her pleasure. This was after nine years' confinement in the convent, and, though not exactly what she desired, was yet a vast improvement. Still, she found herself in a little while persecuted here almost as much as in the convent, for she was now suspected of conspiring against the King, and was watched by police agents. One day she abandoned the house, and took refuge with her mother, who had by this time become a Liberal in politics, and was not unwilling to receive her. But the release from bondage did not last long. She was arrested, and conveyed to the convent-prison of Mondragone, where she was treated with the utmost rigour, her chief enemy being Cardinal Riario Sforza, Archbishop of Naples, who influenced the Pope against her, and spared no pains to intensify her miseries. How, aided by a medical certificate, she prevailed on Pio Nono to release her, and how, on the entrance of Garibaldi into Naples, she became one of the female leaders of the National party, and at length married a gentleman who had fought with the patriots (though, being unable to get the sanction of the Roman priesthood to her marriage, she was obliged to seek "the blessing of another Church"), we must leave the reader to investigate for himself in the pages of the volume. Simply considered as a story, the narrative is tedious and diffuse; but the work has a value for the revelations it contains of convent life in Naples under the Bourbons. It is a real translation from the Italian; there is a look of substantial truth in the alleged facts; and the statements are borne out by what we know from other authorities (Roman Catholic as well as Protestant), and by abstract probability. The nuns, says our authoress, regard their confessors as lovers, and make no concealment about it. If a good-looking confessor abandons one nun for another, there is as much frenzy of jealous hate as in the secular world; and the priests are not without abundant sophistries for reconciling their sensualism with their religious professions. The Signora Caracciolo represents her confessor as having said to her one day:—"We will premise all our affectionate demonstrations with the name of Jesus Christ: in this way our love will be an offering most acceptable to the Lord, and will ascend a grateful odour up to Heaven, as the smoke of incense in the sanctuary. Say to me, for example, 'I love you in Jesus Christ; this night I dreamt of you in Jesus Christ;' thus you will have your conscience tranquilized, since in so doing you sanctify any transport whatever." The lady inquired of a monk of known morality what was the meaning of all this; he replied, "A horrible sect, and, unfortunately, too widely spread, abusing the name of Christ, give thus a licence to the most nefarious wickedness." These libertine confessors sometimes present the nuns with books professing to be of a devotional character, but really containing suggestions of the most immoral nature. The results may be conceived; but the Signora Caracciolo distinctly states them:—

"The frenetical infatuation which nuns entertain for priests and monks passes all credibility. The liberty which they enjoy of seeing and writing to the object of their adoration makes the cloister a

welcome abode to them. They are unhappy only when in the case of illness—or before taking the veil, if they should pass some months with their families—as neither father, nor mother, nor brother, would be likely to permit a young girl to pass several hours of the day alone with a priest or monk, and to write incessantly to him. This is a liberty which they enjoy in the convent only.

"Many are the hours which the cloister Heloise spends in the confessional in sweet communion with her flocked Abelard. 'Tis only pity that they do not understand a syllable of Latin!

"Some, whose confessor is old, have superadded a spiritual director, with whom they pass several hours in the parlour. When not satisfied with this, they find means in alleging illness, feigned or real, to have an interview *tête-à-tête* with them in their own rooms. There are nuns who, without the intervention of the confessor, dare not even make out the list of their washing.

"One nun received hers three times a day. In the forenoon he brought her the components of her dinner; later he would come to say mass in the church, when she served him with coffee and biscuits; and again in the afternoon, at which visit he remained until a late hour, in order that he might (so she said) give her an account of what he had laid out for her in the morning. Not satisfied with this, they would exchange notes twice in the intervals of these visits.

"Another nun had conceived an affection for a priest from the period at which he had served in the church as acolyte. Arrived at the priesthood, he was made sacristan; but, accused by his fellow priests of his intimacy with the nun, he was prohibited by his superiors from even passing the street where the nunnery stood. For sixteen years she remained constant to him, during which period they corresponded every day, sent each other costly presents, and contrived to see each other from time to time clandestinely in the parlour. Finally, the superior being changed, the nun, though now arrived at a mature age, procured him as her confessor. For this favour she made many presents to images, offered up candles and flowers, gave sweetmeats to all the sisterhood, and, as on the occasion of a marriage, received congratulations, not even refusing the ovation of a little complimentary madrigal. Finally, she had constructed, at her own expense, a special confessional, so that she might command it for her spiritual exercises at any hour of the day.

"A personage of high position sought an interview of the abbess one morning, for the purpose of putting into her hands a letter which he himself had found in the street. That epistle, addressed by one of the Spouses of Christ to her priest, had been dropped by the servant. The very material language used in it had shocked the conscience of the gentleman—a language which the commonest courtesan would have shrunk from expressing herself in.

"The confessors of the 'Community' are chosen triennially by the superiors for the service of those nuns and lay sisters who may not have any particular one, as being arrived at an age unsuited to amorous intrigues. Now, one of these, prior to his nomination, had a young penitent in the convent. Every time he came to visit a dying sister, and for that purpose passed the night in the convent, the nun would climb over the balustrade which separated hers from the priest's room, and thus betook herself to the master and director of her soul.

"Another, during the delirium of a typhus fever from which she was suffering, never ceased from imitating the action of sending kisses to the confessor as he sat at her bed-side. He, confounded with shame at this in the presence of others, held up towards the sick woman a crucifix, and, in a commiserating tone, exclaimed, 'Poor thing! she is kissing her spouse.'"

Madness was of frequent occurrence in these frightful prisons; and when the unfortunate patient became dangerous, she was treated with barbarous cruelty, anything being considered better than running the risk of scandal in calling in assistance from the outer world. The sick and infirm were often neglected, and even ill-used, and nothing seemed to be thought of by these "Brides of the Church" but intrigue, frivolity, endless making of sweetmeats and pastry, and quarrelling among themselves on points of family dignity and wealth, and for the possession of lovers.

The devices by which these unhappy girls were securely held when once caught are thus related by our authoress:—

"Clerical wiliness has provided against the possibility of a young girl unreservedly and distinctly expressing in this examination her abhorrence of the state to be embraced when forced thereto by the violence of parents or the persuasion of the confessor. They have decreed that the scapulary be torn from her back, and that within twenty-four hours she is to be driven out of the convent with the words—

"Out with you! out with the damned! You are unworthy to live in the company of the brides of Jesus!"

"This harsh indignity, which no young girl has the courage to face, renders the year of the novitiate useless, and she finds herself fast bound from the hour she has taken the first veil."

With this extract we close the melancholy and oppressive narrative of the Signora Caracciolo. It might have been better done; but it deserves attention as a picture of a state of corruption and tyranny now being ameliorated by the enlightened and liberal government of Victor Emmanuel. The original has already reached a fourth edition in Florence.

NEW NOVELS.*

If anyone is envious of the lot of those who roll in riches, who fare delicately every day, and who are clothed in purple and fine linen,

* The Wilmot Family. By Mabel Sharman Crawford. 3 vols. London: Bentley. A Dangerous Secret. The House in Piccadilly. Philip Morton. By Annie Thomas. 2 vols. London: Sampson Low & Co.

let him consult Miss Crawford's chronicle of the "Wilmot Family," and be grateful that he is not condemned to grapple with eighteen thousand a year. In that record of the sorrows of a modest competence suddenly dilated into wealth, he will find much that is calculated to console the meritorious poor, and to whisper in their ears a comfortable doctrine with regard to the troubles of affluence and the vexations of dignity. There he will see it plainly demonstrated that the length of a rent-roll can make no amends for the shortness of human life, that the jingling of the guinea is not really able to cure the hurts that honour feels, and that after all love in a cottage is far preferable to *ennui* in a castle. Throughout the work the most unexceptionable moral is steadily kept in view, its principles are such as the most rigid moralist could not impeach, and its style is as far as possible removed from the sensational. No dangerous thrills will be excited by its incidents, no slumber-dispelling horrors haunt its pages; and to parents and guardians who are anxious about the literary food supplied to those for whose peace of mind they are responsible, it may be recommended as one of the gentlest and most innocuous of stimulants.

The Wilmot family consists of four persons: a father—Geoffrey Wilmot, a sturdy, honest, English yeoman, not very refined nor deeply read, but free from all vulgarity, and sufficiently educated for his position; a mother—Mrs. Wilmot, a fussy, foolish woman, good-natured and good-humoured, but capable of making herself a terrible nuisance, always on the look out for admiration, and utterly devoid of anything like tact; a son—Richard, a sturdy young man, amiable and ordinary, somewhat touchy as to his position in society, and slightly in love with a Miss Mary Cartwright; and a daughter—Annie, on whom Miss Crawford has lavished all the virtues of her inkstand. Miss Wilmot is young, and beautiful, and graceful, and as good as only the heroine of a novel can be. Her temper is never ruffled, her equanimity is seldom disturbed, and the stormy passions of the world battle and rage around her without having anything but a slightly terrifying effect upon her placid mind. Such is the family which at the commencement of the tale is found reposing in the quiet home-stead of Marwood. In that tranquil retreat, few of the troubles of the busy outer world are known, and amidst constant occupations the happy hours pass swiftly away. Annie has her poultry-yard and a lover, one Harry Lennard, who pulls her out of the trunk of an elm-tree during a storm, and so preserves her from being struck by lightning; Richard is able to afford a hunter and two or three flirtations; the Squire has his farm and his friends; and his wife finds in her dairy and her garden abundant and pleasant employment. They are all apparently in a fair way towards happiness, when one day a letter unexpectedly arrives from a lawyer, informing Mr. Wilmot that a distant relative has left him eighteen thousand a year and a princely seat, named Thornely Hall. The excellent father and his model daughter have the good sense to distrust this freak of fortune, but Richard and his mother go almost wild with joy at the news. The young gentleman throws over his humble love at once, the young lady is obliged to smother her affection for her lightning-preserver, and after a short interval we find the Wilmot family installed in their new abode. Its magnificence frightens them at first, and they find some difficulty in assuming their altered positions; but, after a period of probation, during which they embrace the butler, and shudder at the gong, and drink out of the finger-glasses, and perform sundry other novel feats, they shake down into their places, and begin to be delighted. A little more time passes, and discontent creeps in among them. Annie is always thinking of her old love, and Richard of a new one, which drives him to despair. Mr. Wilmot is bored out of his life by the formalities of his new station, and finds his temper and digestion becoming impaired by want of interesting occupation; and Mrs. Wilmot alone is able to enjoy thoroughly the pomps and vanities among which she dwells. They go out into the gay world, and Annie and her father agree that its fascinations are an utter delusion. Richard becomes extravagant, and takes to gambling. Fortunately, his father discovers him in the act of winning a large sum, and, crying, "For the sake of your immortal soul, touch not that accursed gold," rescues him from his dissipated companions. That peril is averted, but the misguided youth falls into greater danger soon afterwards. The lady of his love jilts him in favour of a dissipated baronet, and he becomes so savage from the effect of his disappointment that he insists on fighting his successful rival. A duel takes place, and he is shot through the lungs. He dies, but not before he has time for an edifying repentance, and his broken-hearted relatives determine to quit for ever the house which has proved so fatal to their happiness. Thornely Hall and its rents are given up to the former possessor's next of kin, a young man of great merit, in love with an equally deserving and singularly disagreeable young lady; and the Wilmots return to Marwood, where Annie marries her old lover, and Mr. Wilmot falls back with delight into his old ways. Even Mrs. Wilmot perceives that riches are sometimes a curse, and that a cottage is more conducive to content than a hall.

Hers is the only character in the book which stands out with any prominence. Her petty vanity and vulgar conceit are not ill described, but the rest of the family are feebly conceived and faintly portrayed. And the same remark may be made of most of the other persons who figure in these pages. They are generally insipid, and their conversation is usually wearisome; so that in reading the book it is necessary to keep the excellence of its moral teaching constantly in view, in order to restrain the disparaging comments suggested by fatigue.

The three stories by Miss Thomas, reprinted from the pages of *London Society*, breathe a very different spirit from that in which the "Wilmot Family" is conceived. The glories of wealth, the charms of the gay world, and the objectionable features of poverty, are prominently displayed in their chapters. They are redolent of expensive perfumes, and musical with voices trained by the first masters; their stage is crowded with the most elegantly attired gentlemen and ladies, and their plots are inevitably concluded by weddings, attended by the most aristocratic company. So anxious is the authoress to introduce as many titled personages as possible, that one of the heroes of "A Dangerous Secret" is called the Honourable John Leighton, although his mother bears no higher rank than that of the Honourable Mrs. Leighton. The stories were well suited to the columns of the periodical in which they originally appeared; but it would have been as well to allow them to rest there in peace. They are not without talent, and are sufficiently amusing to while away a lazy hour; but Miss Thomas has shown that she is capable of far better things, and the preface to the present work proves that she appreciates its contents at their true value.

THE IRISH LANGUAGE.*

WHAT is the use of an Irish Dictionary? We all believe that dialects of the Celtic tongue once prevailed in these lands, and that some remains of them still exist in the western parts; the Highland-Scotch, the Manx, and the Irish, being essentially the same, while the Welsh, the Breton, and the extinct Cornish, are very remotely related to them, but closely allied to each other. No one, however, dreams of reviving the dead Celtic for the purposes of literature; for common intercourse, it is considered that the sooner it ceases the better; and, for the object of imparting religious instruction to the masses through their loved vernacular, no man would be very serviceable if he had to learn it by means of grammar and dictionary, instead of tripping it on his tongue with the familiarity of old acquaintance. What, then, is the use of an Irish dictionary? By common consent, there is use in the investigation of any language, dead or living, possessing a literature fraught with materials for authentic history, and with memorials of social life and manners in a bygone age; and such is Irish literature. Not only so. It is now a well-ascertained and generally acknowledged fact that for ages Ireland was the most enlightened part of Western Europe; and therefore in its literature we can best trace the progress of advancing civilization during the period in question, and supply an important link in the chain which connects ancient classic lore with that of modern times. While Goth and Hun were driving letters and civilization from before them in every direction throughout Southern Europe, learned men found in Ireland a secure retreat and a genial home, for which they presently earned the reputation of the greatest school for learning in Europe. Dr. Johnson appreciated the importance which thus became attached to ancient Irish literature, when he spoke of the desirableness of ascertaining the relations and affinities of the language, adding, "The ages which deserve an exact inquiry are those times, for such times there were, when Ireland was the school of the West, the quiet habitation of sanctity and literature."

Roman learning did not make much progress in Scotland till it was acquired through a dialect of the Saxon, nor in the more southern parts of Britain till the Saxon had been superseded by the Norman. But in Ireland the Gaelic and Roman grew together. The vernacular advanced in such wise as to become a fit vehicle for religious, poetic, and historic compositions long before any of the other modern nations of Europe could boast of a native literature; and it so improved within itself as to become one of the most original and unmixed, as well as one of the most energetic, languages now remaining in Europe. The invasions of the Danes in the ninth century, and of the English in the twelfth, introduced elements of political disturbance; but the native Irish continued to use their own laws and customs till the reigns of Elizabeth and James I., when the English laws were universally established, and English schools were founded, in which the vernacular was strictly prohibited, so that it gradually ceased to be spoken at court, and by the highest families throughout the country. In the seventeenth century, therefore, the hereditary professors died out, but not without leaving a rich repertory of Celtic lore, of which the Caledonian Gaelic is almost entirely destitute, and with which the Welsh remains can bear no comparison.

Specimens of this literature are found in several of the great libraries of Europe; but those we know most about are in the collection of Trinity College, Dublin, and that of the Royal Irish Society. The former consists of above one hundred and forty volumes, several of them on vellum, dating from the early part of the twelfth till the middle of the eighteenth century. The collection of the Royal Irish Society, though formed more recently than that of the College, is even more extensive. Its most valuable portions are, of course, original Gaelic compositions, but it includes many translations from the Latin, Greek, and other languages. These works have been classified into sacred, bardic or semi-historic tales, historic tracts, genealogies, historic poems, and annals. The most interesting of these appear to be the semi-historic, which include stories of destructions, cattle-raids, courtships, battles, caves, navigations, tragic deaths, banquets, sieges,

* An Irish-English Dictionary, &c. By Edward O'Reilly. New Edition, carefully revised and corrected, with a Supplement, &c., by John O'Donovan, LL.D., M.R.I.A. Dublin and London: James Duffy.

adventures, elopements, slaughters, irruptions of lakes, visions, &c. According to the Brehon laws, each *ollamh*, or chief professor of learning, must have ready for recital at any public gathering thrice fifty stories, and his subordinates smaller numbers in proportion to their literary rank. These are narrations of facts, but embellished poetically by the introduction of mythical personages and marvellous incidents. They may have little value as history, but they throw an interesting light on the manners and traditions of the old Irish Gaels.

The ancient lore of Ireland might have remained unnoticed till the possibility of interpreting it had passed away, had not the engineers employed on the Ordnance Survey found the names of townlands such a puzzle that it was deemed desirable to establish a standard orthography for them; and Edward O'Reilly, the man whose Dictionary is now before us, was employed in this work. He was not long in discovering that the investigation of these names developed much that was interesting in local history, and thus was suggested the idea of forming a historical section of the survey—the materials to be collected chiefly by O'Reilly, who was more of a comedian than a scholar, and to be arranged by George Petrie, to whom the superintendence of this section was committed. As yet there was no accurate knowledge of the ancient literature. O'Reilly understood little beyond the modern and colloquial form of Irish used by the lower classes in the remote parts of the country. But when John O'Donovan, the learned editor of the "Annals of the Four Masters," succeeded, in 1829, to the place left vacant by the death of O'Reilly, he undertook the examination of ancient manuscripts, and made the public acquainted with treasures unthought of before. The first piece, of which he produced a translation in the *Dublin Penny Journal*, excited such interest that a printing-press was kept going night and day to supply the demand for copies. As for the memoirs which were to have accompanied the Ordnance maps, only one volume was published, and that was occupied with only one barony. The grant was stopped in 1842; and, if the students of Irish archaeology were inclined to grumble, they confessed it was some reparation when a Government commission was issued for translating the old Irish institutes known as the "Brehon Laws." O'Donovan, who had been appointed Professor of Irish at Queen's College, Belfast, and Eugene O'Curry, for whom a chair of archaeology had been prepared in the Roman Catholic University of Dublin, were the two principal hands on this work. But they were miserably paid, and O'Donovan, who had begun his career full of fond hopes respecting the disentanglement of his native literature, sunk in disappointment and despondence, and died in 1861. How it must have tantalized these men to read in the "Brehon Laws" of the rich provision made for professors in the palmy days of Irish literature!—"An *ollamh*, or doctor in learning, when ordained by the king or chief, was entitled to rank next to the monarch himself at table; he was not permitted to lodge or accept refreshment on his travels at the house of any one below the rank of a nobleman. He was allowed a standing income of twenty-one cows and their grass in the chieftain's territory, besides ample refectations for himself and for followers to the number of twenty-four, including his subordinate tutors, his advanced pupils, and his retinue of servants. He was entitled to have two hounds and six horses; his person and property were inviolable; and he was, moreover, to enjoy within the territory the privilege of conferring a temporary sanctuary, by carrying his wand, or having it carried round the place or over the person to be protected."

In the year 1860, a project was formed by Dr. Todd and a few others for employing O'Donovan and O'Curry to compile an Irish Dictionary; but funds were not forthcoming, and the scheme was abandoned. Hence we have before us only a republication of O'Reilly's work, concerning which it has been justly said that it has not half the words, and that half of what it contains are wrong. It has, indeed, undergone some correction; and a supplement, consisting of words collected by O'Donovan, is added; but a trustworthy Irish Dictionary is still a desideratum, if any progress is to be made in the elucidation of this literature.

THE MAGAZINES.

THE first of a series of articles on Germany, under the title of "My Latest Vacation Excursion," appears this month in *Blackwood*. The writer gives anything but an inviting picture of the Teutonic race; indeed, in some respects, his remarks would almost satisfy Mr. Henry Mayhew, whose attack on Saxony and the Saxons, in the early part of the present year, not unnaturally moved the wrath of universal "Fatherland." The Magazine writer employs much more temperate language than the book-maker, and does not refuse to see some redeeming virtues in the German character; but his strictures, nevertheless, are very severe. He accuses the Germans of heavy, coarse, sensual excess in eating, drinking, and tobacco-smoking; of disgusting uncleanness, of indecency, of indolence, and of more than average criminality. Though phlegmatic and unexcitable, far beyond us English, they are often, we are told, savagely cruel (as witness their treatment of the Danes in the late war), and child-murder prevails among their women to a shocking extent. "I remember once," says the writer, "coming in Germany across a very startling phenomenon—one that would be made to ring throughout Europe if it occurred among ourselves. It was in the penitentiary for women at Prague. One of the Sisters of Mercy, who tended it, spoke much about the *kinder morderin*, or child-murderess, as belonging to an important and conspicuous class, and was anxious to know if it was a very

numerous one in Britain. I found that, of the 400 women under her charge, 130 had been convicted of child-murder—32½ per cent." We are promised the brighter side of the picture in subsequent papers; but it must be a very bright side indeed to overcome the shadows here projected on the page, supposing the report to be at all near the truth. We pass from this painful essay to a criticism on Tennyson's last book of poems, upon the whole very laudatory of the poet's latest production, but rather poorly written. "The History of our Lord," an article based on Mrs. Jameson's posthumous work, is more interesting, but is too rhapsodical in style to be of much value. One of the best passages in it is that in which the writer says that the absence of any reliable portrait of Christ has been a good thing for art, since it has forced painters to aim perpetually at the highest conceivable ideal; whereas, had they been tied to a literal representation, the original would have been speedily lowered in the mechanical endeavour to reproduce it with exactness. "Cornelius O'Dowd" this month tattles on a great variety of subjects—the Franco-Italian Convention, Servants, Reformatories, Life Abroad, and the Irish Viceroyalty; but we confess we are getting heartily sick of this writer's endless flippancy and shallowness, his feeble imitations of Thackeray's nervous style, and his hard, man-of-the-world scepticism—we do not speak of religious scepticism, but of that pervading unbelief in anything high and noble which forms a debasing element in so much of the writing of the present day. His remarks on servants, though not without some points that are undeniably true, is a mere excuse for selfishness on the part of employers; and his plea for the retention of the Lord-Lieutenancy of Ireland is discreditable to the people for whom he affects to speak. One agreeable exception to the distasteful character of this month's batch of gossip we must in fairness note. We allude to the observation that the writer has found humanity, on the whole, a better thing than he thought it on first acquaintance. This, so far, militates against the character we have just been giving of the O'Dowdian mind; but, unfortunately, this single admission goes a very little way towards neutralizing the general effect of the writer's teaching. The remaining articles in the number (setting aside the continuation of "Tony Butler") are one on the Banting system—a good deal behind time, but sensibly argued, and recommending temperance in all things as a better safeguard against corpulence than an unnatural rule of diet—and a highly laudatory account of General McClellan, who is described as standing out from the common crowd of Federal notabilities, distinguished by "his consistency, his moderation, his singleness of purpose, his eminently respectable personal character, and his abstinence from the practice of those low arts to which men so commonly resort when they wish to gain the suffrages of a democracy." The article contains a vindication of McClellan's cautious conduct of the war, which should be read by military men.

Fraser opens with some valuable remarks, by one who has evidently studied the subject by personal investigation, on the development of the land question in France, as seen among the peasant proprietors of the Drôme. The writer gives a very favourable account of the French system of dividing estates among the children, though he does not conceal anything that may tend to qualify his good report. The agricultural population in the province which he more particularly describes are, according to him, a fine, healthy, independent, and contented people, very well contented with the present régime, and rather averse to war. "The country population of France," says this inquirer, "is, as a body, not only better off than the same class of men at home, but they have much more real liberty, for liberty always follows independence of condition. Each commune has, through its Conseil Municipal, an opportunity of expressing its sentiments upon its own affairs. Each commune joins with the rest to send a member to the Conseil d'Arrondissement, and another to the Conseil Général." These statements will certainly be startling to the great majority of Englishmen; but, at any rate, it is a good thing to be furnished with evidence on both sides of a great question. The article in question is followed by a review of Mr. Forster's Life of Sir John Eliot, which is highly, though discriminatingly, praised. "The Mysterious Maid, a Sensation Tale," is, we suppose, intended for a burlesque on Miss Braddon; but we must confess we have not had the patience to go through it. In "Popular Education" we have some severe remarks on the modern tendency of cramming humble people with facts which can be of no use to them, and which they only acquire mechanically and superficially. Some very curious details of Maori life and modes of warfare are given in "A Chapter showing how we lived at Awamutu," written by an officer in the army recently engaged with the natives, who are praised for courage, and even humanity. The "Campaigner at Home" paints a bit of Highland scenery and character; the "Recreations of a London Recluse" are continued; and a sharp criticism on Dr. Pusey's objections to the decision of the Judicial Committee of Privy Council in the cases of Dr. Williams and Mr. Wilson, winds up the present month's issue.

Mr. W. D. Christie contributes to *Macmillan* an article on "The Cambridge Apostles," a genial estimate of the men of genius and talent who, thirty years ago and more, constituted at Cambridge the select association of twelve, called by themselves "The Conversazione Society," and by their satirists "The Apostles," from their number. Of this society, no less a man than Alfred Tennyson was a member; so also was his friend Arthur Hallam, whom he has lamented in the divinely sorrowful "In Memoriam;" so, at different periods, were Mr. Monckton Milnes, Deans Trench and Alford, Charles Buller, the Rev. Mr. Maurice, John Stirling (the friend of Carlyle), John Kemble (the Anglo-Saxon scholar), Professor Tom Taylor, and other writers and thinkers of eminence. The article on "William Blake" is a review of the Life of the poet-painter published last year, and presents an appreciative, yet calm and reasonable, account of that extraordinary madman, whose works, both with the pencil and the pen, are some of the most wonderful, and at the same time some of the most saddening and oppressive, creations that ever the wild combination of genius and insanity produced for the perplexity of ordinary men and women. Mr. Edward Dicey contributes a paper on "The Brothers Davenport"—very temperate and very sensible, not begging the question against

the Spiritualists, yet showing the absurdity of the theory they advance, and demanding much stronger proof of supernatural agency before we are called upon to renounce our belief that the effects are produced by simple legerdemain. We do not, however, quite agree with the author when he says that, "of all arguments, the *à priori* reasoning against Spiritualism" is the weakest. This, in fact, is the very argument which Mr. Dicey himself uses; and there is really always a strong *à priori* case against anything which contradicts ordinary experience. Of course, larger knowledge may lead to larger postulates; but every conclusion based on the common agreement of men, or of the great majority of men, requires a vast amount of up-setting. "Claus Seidelin" is an account by Mr. William Hamilton, of a quaint old Danish apothecary of the last century, chiefly compiled from his own memoirs; and Mr. William Pole's article "About Iron" is an amusing, lightly written, and yet instructive essay on the waters of Schwalbach, lately patronized by the French Empress, and at all times by well-to-do invalids, who find in that extract of iron one of the best of tonics for overwrought nerves and the peculiar form of debility called *anæmia*.

The main attraction in the *Cornhill* is of course the commencement of Mr. Wilkie Collins's new story, "Armada." Of this we are presented with rather a large instalment—thirty-six pages, comprising the whole of the First Book, divided into three chapters. The opening scene is at the principal hotel of Wildbad, where, in the year 1832, an English gentleman in the last stage of paralysis, accompanied by his young wife and infant son, comes in the vain hope of deriving benefit from the baths. This gentleman has a tremendous secret on his mind, which he had partly committed to paper when the paralytic stroke deprived him of all power of writing. He now, with much difficulty, obtains the assistance of a Scotch gentleman staying at the same hotel, and dictates to him, in the presence of a German doctor, the conclusion of the document. Up to a certain point, the wife is allowed, after earnest entreaty on her part, to be present; but, previous to the revelation of the dying man's crime, she is sternly commanded to withdraw. The nature of the crime we shall not here unfold: suffice it to say that the miserable father considers his son's happiness and even safety in life to depend on his knowing, when he has arrived at more mature years, the whole dreadful story. The number concludes with the death of the sufferer, and the posting of the document by the phlegmatic Scotchman to a certain address in London. We need hardly say that all this is worked out with Mr. Wilkie Collins's consummate skill in the arrangement of his details, the management of his effects, and the preparation of his ground for future interest. The novel will doubtless attract its thousands of readers for months to come. In the present number of the Magazine, "Wives and Daughters" is continued, and a few interesting papers on social and other topics vary the fiction. Of these, the two most noticeable are an article on "The Scottish Farm Labourer," and one on "Colonel Gordon's Exploits in China," which is as good as a romance.

The *Dublin University Magazine* contains one political article—"England and her Colonies"—advocating the formation of Federations among the youthful States of Canada and Australia; three critical essays—on Mr. Anster's translation of the Second Part of Goethe's "Faust," on Mr. Browning's "Dramatis Personæ," and on "The Drama, Classic and Romantic, in Paris," the last-named full of curious particulars of the present state of the French stage. The estimate of Browning is, we think, a fair one, and we agree with the critic in looking upon the Caliban poem as the best in the volume published last summer. Besides these, there are additional chapters of "Uncle Silas and Maud Ruthyn," and some lively and entertaining articles on miscellaneous subjects.

London Society is full of entertainment. This Magazine gives such liberal measure that we cannot pretend to particularise all the good things it contains; but we must mention a very pleasant and thoughtful article called "Back and Front—a glance at Ourselves," based on Nathaniel Hawthorne's book about England, and on an anonymous French publication, entitled "Etudes sur le Self-Government." "Shoeburyness and the Big Guns" is an agreeable account of recent experiments, the results of which are stated in a popular form; and the sketches of "The Merchant Princes of England"—this month, including the Myddletons and Humphrey Chetham—are at once solid and amusing, and will make, we should say, a capital volume when completed.

The *Art Journal* has for its three steel plates "The Gleaner," engraved by J. C. Armytage, from the picture by P. F. Poole, R.A., in the collection of J. Bickerstaff, Esq., of Preston,—pretty, but rather conventional; Turner's "Cologne from the River," engraved by A. Willmore; and "The Genius of Commerce," engraved by J. H. Baker, from the statue by G. Fontana,—a graceful figure of a plump boy in a tunic and wings, having no more reference to commerce, except for certain purely arbitrary insignia, than to conic sections or Greek roots. Among the woodcuts are some very interesting illustrations of the early potteries of Staffordshire, with accompanying remarks by Llewellyn Jewitt, F.S.A. Mr. Thomas Wright continues his "History of Caricature and of the Grotesque in Art," and the other literary matter is, for the most part, solid and attractive.

The hero of "Our Bishops and Deans" in the last number of the *Churchman's Family Magazine* is the Bishop of Exeter, of whom a portrait is given, together with a first article on his life and opinions, in which it is remarked that "he has been a man of war from his youth—the most militant member of the Church militant." In other respects, the number contains its usual proportion of articles, light and heavy.

Part XI. of *Good Words*, Part II. of the *Sunday Magazine*, and Part XIV. of *Our Own Fireside*, are full of matter adapted to the particular circle they address.—The *Young Ladies' Journal*, with its tales, its fashions, its pictures, and its music, is equally calculated to please the somewhat different public to which it appeals.—The *Musical Monthly* contains Schumann's "Arabesque," revised and fingered by Lindsay Sloper, and a quantity of literary matter.

SHORT NOTICES.

Our Mutual Friend. By Charles Dickens. No. VII. (Chapman & Hall).—In the new number of Mr. Dickens's tale, the friendship which Podsnap the Great allows the Young Person to form with the happy Lammles is in a very fair way to produce results quite remote from the usual course things take in connection with Podsnappery. We are admitted to a closer inspection of the private life of Mrs. Lammles and her dear Alfred, and meet strange company at their house. Mr. Fascination Fledgeby, "a young gentleman living on his means, but known secretly to be a kind of outlaw in the bill-broking line, and to put money out at high interest in various ways," is, through the disinterested kindness of the worthy pair, introduced to Georgiana, after he has carefully ascertained beforehand that the Young Person has money in her own right. "Cupid Prompted"—the opening chapter of the present number—gives the details of the conspiracy to get the unsuspecting child firmly into the grasp of these wretches. Young Hexam, accompanied by his schoolmaster, pays a visit to Eugene Wrayburn, who receives them with the most irritating politeness. The young barrister's visitors have to complain of his marked attentions to Lizzie, and young Hexam delivers himself of a very violent speech, characterized by utter selfishness. Wrayburn requests the schoolmaster to look more carefully to the manners of his pupil, and thus brings upon himself the wrath of that worthy. After he has pursued the same line as the boy had taken, both quit the Temple, and Wrayburn immediately relapses into his ordinary manner. The scene is most effectively worked out, and helps to unfold the complicated and not very pleasing disposition of Wrayburn in a natural and striking way. Though the story does not make much progress in the present number, the exhibition of character will make amends for the absence of exciting incidents. Of the illustrations we can only say what we have said before, that they appear to us slovenly and feeble.

Religious Duty. By Frances Power Cobbe (Trübner & Co.).—Our readers are aware, from a review of Miss Cobbe's "Broken Lights" and Essay on "Thanksgiving," which appeared in our impression of March 19, what the views of this lady are in the matter of religion. They are those of pure Theism, excluding that which is commonly understood by the words "miracle" and "revelation." Miss Cobbe is of opinion that this natural faith may be removed from the ground which it has previously occupied, of a mere intellectual speculation, and be converted into an active religion, having its forms and its ceremonies of prayer and worship, and thus affecting the lives, as well as the minds, of those who hold by it. She has therefore, in the work before us, set forth what she conceives to be the rule of the new faith, and in four chapters has explained, from her point of view, "The Canon of Religious Duty," "Religious Offences," "Religious Faults," and "Religious Obligations." Her conclusions are far from being those of the LONDON REVIEW; but we must decline to enter into a discussion on such grounds, and shall content ourselves with saying that Miss Cobbe, while rejecting the teachings of the Church, treats accepted opinions with respect, and is evidently animated by a feeling of piety towards God and of benevolence to man. Thus much all are bound in honesty to admit, and none could answer any worthy purpose by denying.

A Catechism of Familiar Things; their History, and the Events which led to their Discovery; with a Short Explanation of some of the Principal Natural Phenomena. For the use of Schools and Families. By Emily Elizabeth Willement (Virtue Brothers).—The first edition of this useful little book was published several years ago; the present is the third edition. It unquestionably answers a want which must often be felt by parents and governesses. Children are frequently insatiable in their inquiries, and even the best educated cannot always, at a moment's notice, explain all the difficult points that are put to them. Miss Willement's "Catechism" (for the work is constructed on the principle of question and reply) will be found of great assistance under such circumstances. It deals, clearly and concisely, with a great variety of matters, both natural and artificial, and reminds us, in its main design and to some extent in its structure, of an excellent little book with which we were familiar in earlier years, called "Why and Because." We think, however, it would have been an improvement had there been more of system in the arrangement of the work before us. Should the book reach a fourth edition, it might perhaps be worth Miss Willement's while to devise some more complete plan than she has now followed of grouping under general heads the immense mass of scattered facts she has collected.

Routledge's Every Boy's Annual: an Original Miscellany of Entertaining Literature. Edited by Edmund Routledge (Routledge & Co.).—A very handsome volume for boys is this just issued from the literary factory of the Messrs. Routledge. Well printed, prettily and copiously illustrated, and gorgeously bound in scarlet and gold, its collection of merry tales, instructive essays, and agreeable miscellanies, will be found immensely attractive by the young gentlemen for whom it is designed. We are not certain, however, that the editor has not committed a mistake in telling the horrible story of the pirates of the *Flowerly Land*. It is so recent that all boys of the present day must be acquainted with its details, and to paddle afresh in the gore is surely objectionable.

The Autographic Mirror, No. XVIII., contains letters and other documents of Milton, Erasmus, Ariosto, Calhoun (the American statesman), Thomas Campbell, Dibdin, Heine, Lockhart, Thomas Hood, William Howitt, Douglas Jerrold, Alexandre Dumas the Elder, William Etty, and Fanny Kemble; also a very spirited sketch of Calhoun by Mr. Miner K. Kellogg, the American artist. The number is rich in great names, and the collection, when completed, will be valuable.

The first number of *The Journal of British Ophthalmology and Quarterly Report of Ophthalmic Medicine and Surgery*, edited by Jabez Hogg, Assistant-Surgeon, Royal Westminster Ophthalmic Hospital, &c., has been published. It presents us with several important articles on

subjects connected with the diseases of the eye and their mode of treatment; but we must see more of the publication before attempting to estimate its probable place among our scientific periodicals.

The first number of an edition of *Gulliver's Travels*, published by Messrs. Cassell, Petter, & Galpin, is before us. The illustrations are fanciful, grotesque, and characteristic, and, being engraved by Linton, are of course excellently rendered. Obeying the popular rule of cheapness, the price of the number, consisting of eight quarto pages, is one penny.

We have received a pamphlet by the Rev. Frederick Meyrick, M.A., H.M. Inspector of Schools, *On Dr. Newman's Rejection of Liguori's Doctrine of Equivocation* (Rivingtons), in which the immorality of the doctrine and Dr. Newman's inconsistency, as a Roman Catholic, in repudiating it, are well pointed out;—*A Charge delivered by John Gregg, D.D., Bishop of Cork, Cloyne, and Ross, October, 1864* (Hodges, Smith, & Co., Dublin);—a second edition of *The Voice of the Church on Holy Baptism: a Lecture by the Rev. Hugh Stowell, M.A., delivered in St. Ann's Church, Manchester* (Macintosh);—and *An Exposure of the Fallacies and Misrepresentations in Mr. Spurgeon's Sermon on "Baptismal Regeneration," in connection with his Attacks on the Church of England*, by John Pulman, of the Middle Temple, Barrister (Same Publisher).

THE ADDISON MS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "LONDON REVIEW."

SIR,—You were good enough to allow me to convey to your readers Mr. Coxe's opinion that the above was perfectly genuine. They may be interested to know that Sir Frederick Madden is of the same mind. After a minute examination, he informs me that he entertains "no doubt whatever as to the writer of the Notes in your MS. (Facsimile, Plate I.) being Addison." As to the other hands,—the "flowing," (Facsimile, Plate II.), which only appears in the essay "Of Jealousie," he decides to be neither Sir Richard Steele's, Tickell's, nor Charles Montagu's (all likely); so that the writer yet remains to be identified. It was suggested in a contemporary that Pope was the writer of the "print-like" hand; but this probability did not survive a careful comparison with "Iliad" MSS. in the Museum. Sir Frederick is inclined to think that there are correspondences to be detected between Addison's ordinary hand and this formal one, which, even if taken apart from other considerations, would give reasonable ground for believing both styles to be from the same pen. He has also attended to the water-mark of the paper, and discovered that the same identical paper is found in official books dated from 1700 to 1712, which, if the first draft of these essays is in Addison's hand, would date them subsequent to 1704, when he would have command of official paper as Commissioner of Appeals.

The history of the MS., I regret to say, is yet a blank.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

Glasgow, Oct. 31, 1864.

J. D. C.

GERMAN LITERATURE IN ENGLAND.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "LONDON REVIEW."

SIR,—May I request you to inform your readers that the circumstance of my delivering the Lectures on German Literature in German, at this College, is not exactly the first instance of similar lectures being given in German to English students?

I am inclined to ask you for this favour in consequence of a paragraph which I have just perceived in some morning papers, to the effect that my friend, Professor Heimann, has done the same thing for several years.

I remain, Sir,

King's College, London, Nov. 2, 1864.

C. A. BUCHHEIM, Ph. D.

LITERARY GOSSIP.

WHO has not thought occasionally about Shakespeare's library—for he must have had one—and wondered what the great man's friends or relations could have done with his books? for these never turn up on bookstalls, or on the shelves of old country libraries, like the stray volumes that have been thumbed and inked by other notabilities. Where have they gone to? Did Shakespeare never scribble on fly-leaves or title-pages, and prepare for little scenes of excitement and small sensations, when future owners should open the books? Other men of his time, and since, have done this. It is a cheap, although a not very satisfactory, popularity; for the single owner of a library, two or three hundred years after one's decease, is but a limited audience to a person of ambition. Within a recent period we have known a person of the name of Jolley—Thomas Jolley—who bought thousands of books, not to read, but simply to write his name on the fly-leaf, and affix his bookplate to the cover. Who has not observed on London bookstalls occasional shoals of books and tracts with one Charles Clarke's name inside, and some very droll "boetry," entitled "A Pleader to the Reader when a Needer," from the pen of Mr. Clarke, stuck to the cover? Dr. Bliss, the lately deceased notability of Oxford, had a strange madness for collecting large masses of books and scribbling in them. A book is made up of sheets numbered by the signatures A B C, &c. Most books or tracts extend to two sheets, so the Doctor seized upon the B sheet as the means of carrying his name down to posterity, besides gratifying an odd whim of bibliophobia. Before the "B" he carefully marked with a pen P., the initial of Philip, his Christian name, and on the other side he inked in his age or the date of the year when he made the purchase. There are probably ten thousand books in existence at the present moment bearing this peculiar manuscript testimonial to the fact that Dr. Bliss once upon a time possessed them. The poet Gray was a great scribbler; Waller often left his name in a book; and

of books with Melancthon's MS. memoranda there exists a stout 8vo. catalogue. All Shakespeare's biographers, however, assert that the great poet was careless of his fame; and the complete absence of all traces of his library—excepting old Florio's "World of Words"—would seem to corroborate their assertion. Within the last few days, however, a curious discovery has been made; none other, it is conjectured, than Shakespeare's own Prayer-book! Mr. Toulmin Smith has given an account of the "find," and within a week or two Mr. Halliwell, the experts of the British Museum, and persons "great" in such matters, will have pronounced it the genuine Prayer-book of the poet, or simply an impudent fabrication by Ireland, the notorious forger, or even Malone, who is known to have tried his hand at such matters. The book was found in the usual way, and passed through the usual sixpenny and shilling sales, until it came into the possession of a sharp bookseller. The volume is one of those small square 12mos., in black letter, which were used for the pocket at the time. It has the date of 1596 on the Prayer-book, and 1594 on the Psalms. It bears no less than three signatures of "W. Shakspeare," all spelt similarly, but written somewhat different from the facsimiles taken from the will and the old folio, with which we are all so well acquainted.

The magnificent illustrated works "Musée Française" and "Musée Royale" are shortly to be sold by auction in this country. Many years ago, the plates were purchased in Paris by a Mr. W. C. Hall, of New York, and taken to America, where they have remained up to the present time. The owner not long since died, and now they have been forwarded to Mr. Hodgson, the book auctioneer of Chancery-lane, for sale at an early day. Many thousands of pounds were expended in engraving these magnificent works of art, and, if political and commercial troubles had not overtaken the Americans, it is very doubtful if we should have ever seen them for sale in this country.

Mr. John Timbs, who seems to know something about every conceivable thing, has just published a "Manual," which appears likely to be successful, appealing as it does to so large a class—"The Domestic Service Guide," a summary of the duties of the housekeeper, cook, valet, coachman, &c., and all that pertains to housekeeping.

Our old friends, the antiquity merchants—the makers of brazen images and leaden ornaments—are at work again. A gentleman writes:—"A—— has just called in to show me three bronze keys of Roman manufacture which he purchased from a navvy who had dug them out at the Thames Embankment! On examination, I found them to be recent castings, with the moulding-sand in the interstices. I understand that a number of these and similar antiquies are on sale by the industrious navvies at the Embankment." Is there no stopping the ingenious gentlemen who make these sham antiquities? Some time ago, we traced a number of them to Croydon, but failed to find the maker there. The common plan is this: a few feet ahead of the excavation, or in some part of the "works," the antiquies are embedded by the instructed navvies. When Mr. Green and the other "curious" gentlemen in spectacles arrive, the navvy plies his pick-axe against the clay or earth which contains the antiquies, when lo! out they tumble, all dirty to be sure, but "as beautifully preserved," as Mr. Green says—to which remark the navvy entirely agrees—"as if they were buried only yesterday." The navvy smiles at the "find," and rubs his hands with glee, remarking, as he somewhat rudely takes the curious figure of an ancient pig from Mr. Green's hand, that "he knows a gemman as 'l give a suverin for that ere." Green hoped to have satisfied the fellow with five shillings, but somehow a twenty-shilling piece finds its way into the navvy's pocket, "for, after all, it's one's duty," Mr. G. remarks, "to preserve our national antiquities"—leaden figures of bishops, priests, warriors, ancient Britons looking very wild, and early English Amazons.

Speaking of the late Mr. Joshua Bates, one of the senior partners of Baring's great house, an American biographer says:—"In his early years, Mr. Bates found great difficulty in obtaining books to prosecute his studies, and was deeply impressed with the necessity of public libraries in our cities and towns. When, therefore, he accidentally heard, in 1853, of the project to establish a free library in Boston, he wrote immediately to the mayor, offering to contribute 50,000 dollars in aid of the object. Not content with this magnificent donation, he began collecting and sending books to the institution, so that when it was dedicated in January, 1858, it was found that his gifts in books alone amounted to between 20,000 and 30,000 volumes."

A short time since, our attention was directed to the present interpretation put upon the law of international copyright, which branch of our statute law appears to be about as little understood as the enactments affecting the copyright of engravings and photographs. With regard to the recent decision of a magistrate in the case of alleged infringement of copyright in a *carte de visite* portrait of the convict Müller, we agree with the writer in the *Publishers' Circular*, that it affords an important illustration of the law on this subject. The complainant in this case appears to have been of opinion that the mere possession of the only existing negative of the portrait conferred copyright on him; but this view is altogether erroneous. The law on this point is rather peculiar. Copyright in a picture originally belongs to the artist, unless he was employed for good consideration to execute the work for another. If he chooses to multiply copies by any process, none can infringe his right; but if he sells the picture, he must, before sale, by a written document, either reserve to himself, or specifically confer on the purchaser, this right. If neither of these things be done, the first publication of the picture throws it open to the public; in fact, all copyright is then at an end.

Another copyright case has just come before the law courts—Maull and Polyblank v. Goss. The defendant, a dealer in photographs, appears to have copied a photograph of the Duke of Cambridge, taken by Mr. Maull in 1852, and to have sold a large number of copies, making considerable profits out of a right which the plaintiffs deemed their own. The defence set up was that there had been no registration agreeably to the conditions of the Act, and that the plaintiffs could have no authority to claim a copyright, because the Duke of Cambridge had never given to the firm his permission in writing. The plaintiffs, in reply, asserted that his Royal Highness simply purchased copies of his portrait, the negative always being theirs, and that, con-

sequently, no agreement in writing was necessary, or of use to define their right. Mr. Commissioner Kerr acknowledged himself puzzled by the Act, and reserved his decision, as to the legal points, until the 15th inst. Surely it is high time, as we remarked not long ago, for the Acts of Parliament affecting copyright questions to be made sufficiently clear for at least our judges to understand them.

It appears that the *Sunday Magazine* has been a great success. More than 100,000 parts have been sold, besides the weekly issue in numbers.

To the information concerning Mr. Banting's successful pamphlet, which we have given from time to time, we may now add particulars of what the *Times* calls "the profits of corpulence,"—in other words, Mr. Banting's balance-sheet of sales and profits. This gentleman writes:—"In furtherance of my pledge to the public to devote any profit resulting from the sale of my pamphlet on this subject to benevolent institutions, and having sold above 50,000 copies, I think it desirable and prudent now to publish the result, as the first instalment of such distribution, and shall be delighted to be able to make a similar report hereafter:—"

Received by the sale of 50,000 of the third edition, at 46,154, or 3,846 dozen, and two copies, according to the trade custom, at 4s. per dozen	£769 4 8
Paid for correcting, setting, casting, and printing 50,000 copies bound in wrappers	£503 13 0
Paid for advertising in the London and country papers, and expenses incident thereto	94 8 6
	598 1 6

Profit to the author..... £171 3 2
Distribution of profit as follows:—

To the Printers' Pension Society, at the anniversary dinner in March last, by favour of Mr. Charles Dickens	£50 0 0
To the Royal Hospital for Incurables	50 0 0
To the British Home for Incurables	50 0 0
To the National Orthopædic Hospital	10 10 0

Leaving a balance in hand of £10. 13s. 2d. for future distribution with future profits on the further sale. The first and second editions, 2,500 copies, were given to the public gratuitously, at my personal cost, and form no part of the above statement."

Herr Dohm, the editor of *Kladderadatsch*, the leading facetious paper of Prussia, was recently condemned to five weeks' imprisonment by the Prussian courts for having published in his journal a few satirical verses on the Princess of Reuss and the inhabitants of that principality, on whom a tax has just been imposed in order to supply her Serene Highness with a marriage portion. By a treaty of long standing between the various Governments of Germany, editors in any one State publishing anything insulting or disagreeable to the Sovereign of another, are liable to the same penalties as in the case of their own Sovereign.

More books are on their way from America to be sold here, the continuation of the high rate of exchange between the two countries having induced the Messrs. Appleton, of New York, to repeat the experiment made by them last season of consigning to Messrs. Puttick & Simpson, of Leicester-square, a quantity of the standard works of American authors, with reprints of popular English works. An English sovereign, four years ago, represented in exchange five dollars. It is now equivalent to ten or eleven dollars, and American publishers find it to their advantage to send here stocks of books to be sold by auction, the difference in exchange more than paying for carriage, sale commission, and other expenses, with the great advantage of a substantial and ready payment in gold to the American house—a consideration of no small importance to Transatlantic merchants in these days.

A new shilling Monthly Magazine, to be entitled the *Englishman*, will make its appearance with the new year. It will be published by Messrs. RIVINGTON & Co. In addition to purely Theological Articles and Papers, it will contain Tales, Allegories, &c.; Articles on questions of Church interest, Popular Papers on Scientific Subjects, Reviews, Biographical and Historical Notices, Notes on Travel, &c.

The tide of book announcements is still rolling in. Never before was there such activity in Paternoster-row, Ludgate-hill, Fleet-street, the Strand, Piccadilly, Albemarle-street, and the other great centres of book-making. We thought last week that nearly all the announcements had been made, but several have reached us during the week, and these we now give:—

Mr. ALEXANDER STRAHAN announces, among other books, "Letters from Abroad in 1864," by H. Alford, Dean of Canterbury; "The Hymns and Hymn-Writers of Germany," by Wm. Fleming Stevenson, 2 vols.; "Studies for Stories," 2 vols.; "Hymns from the Greek, and other Poems," by the Rev. E. H. Plumtree; "De Profundis," a tale of the Social Deposits, by William Gilbert, author of "Shirley Hall Asylum," 2 vols.; "Woman's Work in the Church, being Historical Notes on Deaconesses and Sisterhoods," by John Malcolm Ludlow; "Lilliput Levée," small 4to., with illustration; "A Year at the Shore," by Philip Henry Gosse, with 36 illustrations by the Author, printed in colours; "Christ and His Salvation," by Horace Bushnell, D.D., author of "Nature and the Supernatural," &c.; "The Throne of Grace," a book of Prayers; "A Summer in Skye," by Alexander Smith, author of "A Life Drama," "City Poems," &c., 2 vols.; "Six Months among the Charities of Europe," by the Rev. John de Liefde, late of Amsterdam, 2 vols., with illustrations; "Days of Yore," by Sarah Tytler, author of "Papers for Thoughtful Girls," &c., 2 vols.; "The Proper Names in the Bible," by the Rev. W. F. Wilkinson; Jeremiah Gotthelf's "Works on Fiction," "Henry Holbeach, Student in Life and Philosophy," a Memoir and Discussion, 2 vols.; "A Survey of Theology," by the late Alex. Vinet; "Family Prayers for the Christian Year," by Dean Alford.

Messrs. RIVINGTONS announce the first six books of Virgil's *Æneid*, with English Notes, by Clayton and Jerram; "The Public Schools' Calendar," by a Graduate of Oxford; "The Church Choir-master," by John Crowdy; a new part, being the first of the second volume, of "Dean Alford's New Testament for English Readers," and "Household Prayer," by the Rev. P. G. Medd.

Messrs. GROOMBRIDGE & SONS announce, among new books to be published by them during November and December, "Ten Years in Sweden," by the Old Bushman, Author of "A Spring and Summer in Lapland"; "The Temple Anecdotes," Vol. I., by Ralph and Chandos Temple; "The Pauper, the Thief, and the Convict," by Thomas Archer; "To-Day, Essays and Miscellanies," by John Hollingshead; "The Childhood and Schoolroom Hours of Royal Children," by Julia Luard; "Two Months in a London Hospital," by Arnold J. Cooley; "The Magnet Stories," the 8th volume; and eight new volumes of "Groombridge's Shilling Gift Books," completing this popular series in 20 vols.; also a new book for Christmas, edited by Thomas Hood, entitled "A Bunch of Keys, where they were found, and what they might have unlocked."

M. BAILLIÈRE will publish early in November a new volume of his Illustrated Scientific Library, on Chemical Technology, by Richardson and Watts; also, Ganot's "Treatise on Physics, experimental and applied," as now used as a class-book in the Colleges of Sandhurst, Woolwich, Winchester, Dublin, Belfast, &c.

Messrs. JACKSON, WALFORD, & HODDER will shortly publish a new work by the Rev. Thomas Binney, on "Money: a Popular Exposition in Rough Notes," &c.

The Religious Tract Society are preparing for publication "The Monks, Illustrated by Pen and Pencil," a Christmas volume of Poetry and Prose, with Drawings by Barnes, Wimperis, Lee, North, Gilbert, Noel Humphreys, and others; "A Hand-book of English Literature," by Dr. Angus; a new volume of the "Wisdom of Our Fathers," entitled, "Selections from the Works of Thomas Fuller;" "The Promises of Scripture," by H. Bonar; "History of Egypt," by Canon Trevor; "From Dawn to Dark in Italy;" and a new work on the Christian Graces, by Dr. Thompson, of New York.

Messrs. DARTON & HODGE publish an extensive list of new works and new editions, in preparation, including "Gems of Great Authors," or the Philosophy of Reading and Thinking, compiled by John Tillotson; "Tales of Filial Love," by Theodore Burrau, with 16 cuts; "Heroism of Boyhood," or what Boys have done, by Peter Parley, and other popular authors, with 8 illustrations.

Mr. A. W. BENNETT will shortly add to his series of Gift Books, illustrated by Photography, an Edition of "Longfellow's Hyperion," with 24 photographs of the scenery described, taken expressly for the work, by Mr. F. Frith; also a volume on the "Gothic Architecture of Normandy," by F. G. Stephens, with 25 photographs. The illustrations of the latter work are by Messrs. Cundall & Downes.

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
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